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She is not Fair to Outward View.

She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me;
O, then I saw her eye was bright—
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold;
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The lovelight in her eye;
Her very frowns are better far
Than smiles of other maidens are!

—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

The Two Angels.

God called the nearest angels who dwell with him above:
The tenderest one was pity, the dearest one was love.

"Arise," he said, "my angels! a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

'My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let love drop smiles like sunshine, and pity tears like rain!'

Two faces bowed before the throne veiled in their golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There pity, shuddering, wept; but love, with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"

—*John G. Whittier.*

AT THE POORHOUSE.

Experiences of a Chicago Reporter Who Spent Three Days as a Vagrant in the Poorhouse.

Grouped in doorways and about the yard of the county-house, as we came up, were various human figures, whose slender forms denoted the provings of misfortune and want, and whose garments fluttered about in ribbons of tatters. They had crept out of their tenements to witness the daily arrival of the "bus," the sole link connecting them with the world. It was very cold. The air was laden with forebodings of snow. Attempting to rise, in order to get out of the wagon, I found my limbs stiffened with cold, so that I could scarcely stand unsupported. I assisted the driver, however, in letting the very old woman down from the wagon, after which, I, too, dismounted. My three male comrades were shiveringly standing near, in readiness for further instructions. The driver said nothing to us, but continued unloading the wagon of its stock of groceries. Under the pressure of circumstances I thought myself justified in addressing the driver. Accordingly, I stepped forward and said very humbly:

"If you please, sir, where are we to go?"

If he had allowed his better feelings to predominate for only that one time, and had been humane enough to give me the desired information, I could have forgiven all his previous brutalities. But he did not. He never vouchsafed to reply or even to lift his head. And I think that was hard, considering that we thinly-clad wretches were needlessly shivering there in the cold. Finally a bystander said to me in a low tone that "the ole man" would be around directly, and would show us where to go. In fact, after a moment, "the ole man" appeared. His actions denoted that he was in authority, and yet his appearance was mean. I was considerably puzzled to understand what his position at the poorhouse was, and I afterward learned that he was one of a detestable class known as boss paupers. He approached leisurely, and, after staring at us consecutively from head to foot, removed a pipe from his mouth, and said:

"You come with me."

Now when I first saw this man I was favorably impressed with his appearance. His outward look was that of a respectable, quiet, elderly gentleman in reduced circumstances. Besides, I was naturally pleased with him, for he came to me in the role of a savior, to guide my weak and benumbed limbs into a haven of warmth. But that stare with which he greeted us was so stony, and yet so contemptuous, that I began to change my mind. We started along at his bidding, single file, in the direction of one of the large tenement buildings, but we had scarcely taken a dozen steps when the old man who led us stopped. He deliberately turned around, and, without any explanation, stood gazing at the driver of the wagon, who was still engaged in unloading. Now this old man knew that we four shivering wretches were suffering from cold and exposure. And yet he deliberately kept us waiting there in the snow for nearly ten minutes, while he did nothing but look unconcernedly at the wagon, apparently entirely oblivious of our existence. I am convinced that he did this from pure and unadulterated malice, merely to exhibit his authority. To those readers who are sitting by their comfortable firesides, and who have never been exposed in their garments to a three-hours' jolting over a rough road on a bitter cold day, this may appear a trifling matter. Doubtless it was not an indictable crime. But to us, for the time being, it was a serious thing. It was a cruel and wanton aggravation of our suffering; and yet it was only one of a series of petty tyrannies to which I, with the hundreds of other paupers, were constantly subjected.

Finally, after having given us ample proof of our subjection, the old man knocked the ashes out of his pipe and leisurely proceeded. We tailed after him, and, entering a large two-story frame building, found ourselves in the midst of pauperdom. It was a large, long, low room where we were, each side being lined thickly with cots, leaving a passage down the middle about ten feet in width. At the foot of certain beds were little wooden benches, upon which, in various attitudes, were seated the inmates. Some were also lounging upon the beds, while still others were strolling up and down the room or clustering about the stove.

Without exception, they were tattered, wretched, and listless. There was very little conversation, although our arrival was doubtless the only new topic afforded by the day. Some of them looked curiously at us, but very many did not lift their eyes from the floor. Our guide conducted us to the far extremity of the room, where he was joined by a shaggy-headed old chap with an unnatural fierceness in his expression. The latter fetched from some remote corner a lantern, as dusk had already settled upon the place, and a slate was likewise produced, upon which he scrawled the answers to certain questions, similar to the formula which had been fired at us in the county agent's office. The fierce old man was terse rather than argumentative. Thus:

"What is the matter with you?" with a violent jerk in his tone, as if springing an ambuscade upon the unsuspecting interrogated.

"It's the favur I've had fer the list thra months, to be shure, an' the doether"—

"Shut up!" and the poor wretch was hustled back with the words rattling in his throat.

The ceremony having been performed as to all of us, we were hailed by our guide, and pushed out of the fetid air of the room into the nipping atmosphere without. Crossing to a frame building opposite, we found ourselves in a room which I concluded to be the "kitchen," as there was a large cook-stove in the middle, and a sink in one corner. "Supper for four," exhorted the old man, and relapsed into his native somberness.

A squint-eyed fellow in the capacity of head waiter rose sleepily out of a dark corner in the kitchen, and disappeared in an adjoining apartment. He returned immediately, bringing in his hands a burden undistinguishable until brought within the meagre radiance of the candle, which stood on a long pine table extended across one side of the kitchen. I then discovered that it was bread. There were four pieces, or rather chunks, which he threw down at regular intervals upon the not-over-clean table. Truly, thought I, here is abundance. Here is liberality. Each chunk of bread was at least two inches thick, and from six to eight inches square. The noise of the bread descending upon the table was like that which would be produced by so many stones.

I waited.

"Eat," said the "boss pauper."

My companions fell to with a zest. I attacked my chunk of bread fiercely, but with no perceptible diminution of its proportions.

The squint-eyed man again advanced upon us, bearing four tin cups, which he set before us. I looked at my tin cup. It was battered and rusty, and it was filled with a dark fluid from which steam arose. It was tea. I lifted the cup and tasted. I sat the cup down upon the table. I did not drink any more tea.

Can I describe the peculiar taste of that luxury which the generous-hearted people set before its paupers? I fear not, and yet I will try. Take a sip of it. On entering your mouth it tastes very much like warm water. Swallow it. As it goes down your throat you experience a sensation such as might follow if you were kicked by a mule or had swallowed a small dose of chain lightning. I cannot describe it more particularly, except to say that the savor remains and abides with you a long time. For my part, I can taste the tea to this moment.

Such was our supper. As soon as the first man was through—it happened to be me—the "boss pauper" signified that we were to follow him. The poor fellows who had eagerly devoured their bread and tea looked sadly around, but had not even the courage of Oliver Twist to ask for "more." We arose and followed the magnate, who led us across the yard to still another building. Here, mounting a flight of rickety stairs, we entered a room on the second floor, swarming with human beings Passing through, we came into another room, also crowded, and thence entered a third apartment, larger than either of the others, and proportionately populated. These rooms were all arranged similar to the one we had been in before supper. A line of beds extended along both sides, leaving a narrow passage in the middle. It was now quite dark, and navigation was only rendered possible by means of a lantern, hung against the wall, and emitting a light which was certainly dim, though not religious. At the extreme end of the room, piled up in one corner, were a number of bedticks.

"Take those down!" said the mandatorial pauper.

We pulled down the ticks, one after the other, until only one was left.

"Two of you men sleep here," said the "boss," pointing to the remaining tick; "and you other two sleep here," marking out a precinct upon the floor with his foot.

From the pile we disengaged a tick, a ragged quilt, and a sheet, yellow and rank. With these we made our bed, after which the old man left us to ourselves. Shortly afterward the ringing of a bell announced the hour of retiring—eight o'clock. One by one the dusky forms that had been moving about the room sank out of sight, the lantern was extinguished, and pauperdom was asleep. I took off my shoes and coat, folded the latter into a pillow, and got into bed, first taking care to thrust the sheet as far from me as possible. Somehow I preferred to lie upon the tick, and I even had an instinctive predilection for the edge. The large room was veiled in blackness, not even the rafters overhead being visible. I could not sleep on account of the horribly fetid smell; so, after a while, I softly arose and opened a window near by, letting in a rush of pure air. Then I returned to my dismal couch. By-and-bye I heard strange noises all over the room—faint groanings and remote wranglings. I listened, but could not conjecture whence they proceeded. Rapid foot-falls were heard on the floor. Occasionally a distinct noise, like some light body tumbling from the ceiling. Then something black ran across my bed, and I felt reassured—for it was only the rats.

At six o'clock on the following morning something kicked me. It was the old "boss pauper," who ejaculated, roughly:

"Git up, ye lazy popper!"

I half rose, and looked around. For the first time I had a clear view of the room which was to be (in theory) my future home. Looming over me with a terrible scowl upon his wrinkled features, was the "boss pauper." Seeing that I was awake, he shook his fist at me, and turned upon his heel. The long, low room presented a curious spectacle. Human shapes were scattered about in all stages of the toilet—nakedness, deshabille, and full dress. Some were disentangling themselves from the tattered drapery of their couches; others were sitting up in bed, and gazing around in stupefaction, as if surprised at finding themselves alive another day; still others were arranging their rags about their meager forms as carefully as if they were belles preparing for the ball-room. I noticed one poor old man at a cot in my vicinity attempting to shave. He had brought out from a wooden box under his bed a razor, minus a handle, a bit of soap, and a leather strap. The poor fellow had no looking-glass, and was obliged to proceed slowly and with very great pains. The other paupers eyed him enviously, and one of them told me that the old man was a "riggeler bloated 'risticrat." These were his very words, and he was in earnest, too. I found out afterwards that pauperdom has its social distinctions, its petty rules of etiquette, as well as the outside world. Each ward has its cliques, who associate only with each other as far as possible. Each clique has its leading spirits, and all of these mighty leaders of fashion bow down before the "boss pauper." He in turn licks the dust in the presence of the under warden, who is ruled over by the warden. The warden himself to the mass of the paupers is as inaccessible as the Czar is to his Cossacks. Thus is sustained the mighty fabric of society.

My toilet was simple, as I had only to put on my coat, hat and shoes. This done, I bethought me of ablutions, but could see no signs of the necessary utensils. On inquiry I learned that there was a trough in the barnyard for watering cattle, where inmates were allowed to wash, if they chose. I accordingly made a descent, and discovered, after laving my face and hands, that a coat-sleeve is, after all, a very convenient towel.

Breakfast consisted of bread and molasses, and something termed coffee. I could not but admire the relish with which my companions made their matutinal onslaught.

The children—poor, little, ignorant waifs—were even worse off than we. There were about thirty of them, filling two tables, and, it was pitiful to see their manifestations of hunger. How they rushed into their seats, climbing and tumbling over each other like little wolves, clamoring and crying, grabbing at the scanty morsels before them, and choking themselves with inordinate mouthfuls. There was this difference between the children's food and that of the men: the former had all the crusts and stale ends of bread. A trifling difference, perhaps, but, when it is considered the meal consisted of nothing but bread with a little molasses, the fact becomes more important.

Among the hundred or more occupants of Ward D, where I was located, there were many very queer people. It would certainly be very queer if there were not. The dregs of humanity were they, with few exceptions, gathered from the gutter, not from the shop. Possibly not vicious or criminal, they were yet of the lowest type of creation. Ignorance, drink, and superannuation were what brought them there. The majority were old. Some had been shifted upon the county by their children, and these were generally supplied with tobacco and clothing from home. Some were sick, some idiotic, some downright insane. There was not one man in ten who had his wits plainly about him. Nearly all were more or less "cranky," having been made so by recent association and habits of living, even if they had never been so before coming to the poorhouse.

There was one young man who went by the appellation of "Gutter Snipe." Poor Snipe had seen the worst of hard usage, and only a very small part of his senses had been left in him. He was forever on the wing—always walking restlessly up and down, up and down. His dress had been shockingly neglected by the authorities. His ragged woolen shirt was open in front. His insufficient trousers were greatly alienated from his shoes, exposing a long stretch of bare leg. He had no stockings, and his shoes were superabundantly ventilated. In his peregrinations Snipe never noticed or spoke to anybody, but could frequently be heard murmuring to himself words of undistinguishable import. Once in a while he would suddenly start and run, or rather leap, down the room, but would immediately resume his former pace. It was his habit of running which had given him his sobriquet. Snipe was no doubt insane, but he was peaceable. He and I got to be regular old cronies, sworn friends, during my pauper experience.

Another oddity in our ward was a young man called "Loony." He was not really insane, but only foolish. Never, since he has been in the poorhouse, has he ever been known to utter a word. He sat for hours, in fact all day, in one position near the stove sucking his thumb, and trying to look wise. Loony was also harmless, and also was he shamefully treated by the authorities. He had a queer habit of picking up bits of paper and chips from the floor, and carefully hoarding them up in his pockets, perhaps thinking in his weak brain that they were treasures of inestimable value. On the morning after my arrival, Loony was sitting in his customary place with his chin upon his hands, gazing out of a window upon the unbroken white sea of prairie, when the "boss pauper" happened to observe him. The "boss'" name, I had by this time ascertained, was O'Brien. O'Brien chanced to look towards Loony, and saw the latter's distended coat pocket. Now, he knew perfectly well the poor boy's weakness and he knew what was in the pocket. But with the malevolence which seemed a part of this old man's nature, he stepped across to Loony, and without a word knocked him down. Then he rifled his pockets roughly, at the same time calling the attention of all the paupers to the trembling wretch.

"Look here, will ye? Here's a nice rats' nest!" cried he, as he emptied out the bits of paper and chips. And all the paupers groveled around and echoed: "Oh, what a nice rats' nest it is!"

The dinner hour was two o'clock. Paupers don't eat supper in winter time. The dinner this day was looked forward to with pleasing anticipation. There was an unwonted stir and comment in our ward previous to the ringing of the bell. All were eager, and more or less excited. Why? It was bean-soup day. Once in two weeks the grand event comes off, and there is a consequent *eclat*. Sick men donned their rags and crawled down to taste of this rare luxury. A very intelligent-looking Swede, who was confined with inflammatory rheumatism, and who could scarcely move without shrieking with pain, borrowed a crutch and hobbled down stairs and across the yard to the dining-room.

Again I waited until the third table, as I preferred to avoid the crowd.

The bean soup was made in the basement of the main building, and was thence carried in a washtub across the yard to the kitchen. It was then ladled out into huge pans and placed on the dining tables, where again it is subladled into the various tin platters. I entered the kitchen while the second-table men were at work, and, while I was watching the transfer of the bean soup from the tub to the pans, I heard a scuffle in the dining-room. Looking in, I saw two paupers fighting. They were desperately engaged, beating each other with fists, platters, etc., and were with difficulty separated by the cook. I learned afterward that the *casus belli* was a dispute as to which should be served first with the bean soup. Like dogs struggling for a bone these men fought over a dish of thinned soup, and one of them gashed the other's head with a dipper. Is any moral necessary? I trow not.

The Cost of a Seat in Parliament.

Members of the British Parliament get no pay—but many of them pay very heavily for their seats. A parliamentary return just issued shows the charges incurred by the successful and defeated candidates at the late general election. Among the dearest seats are those for North Durham; the expenses of the two successful candidates for this county were £17,601; those of the two successful candidates were £10,602. Thirty-two successful candidates in seventeen districts paid £116,650, an average of £3,645 for a seat; while their unsuccessful rivals paid £55,899, an average of £1,083 each. In another group of districts the losing candidates paid more than their successful rivals—ten candidates for eight districts paying £47,547, an average of £4,755 each, while the seats were won by fifteen other gentlemen at an aggregate cost of £42,353, or £2,823 each. The most costly seats seem to be those of West York; two losing candidates there paid £10,894, while the two successful ones got the seats for £9,062. How many members of Congress would pay $45,000 for their election?

Flies Are Useful—An Interesting Experiment Made.

It has generally been believed that the common house fly was a nuisance and of no earthly use. Prof. Emerson, a noted English chemist, found that flies were not so useless as they are supposed to be, but that as scavengers of the air they are indispensable. Did you ever watch a fly who has just alighted after soaring about the room for some little time? He goes through a series of operations which remind you of a cat licking herself after a meal, or of a bird pluming its feathers. First, the hind feet are rubbed together, then each hind leg is passed over a wing, then the fore legs undergo a like treatment; and lastly, if you look sharp, you will see the insect carry his proboscis over his legs and body as far as he can reach. The minute trunk is perfectly retractile, and it terminates in two large lobes, which you can see spread out when the insect begins a meal on a lump of sugar. Now the rubbing together of legs and wings may be a smoothing operation; but for what purpose is this carefully going over the body with the trunk, especially when that organ is not fitted for licking, but simply for grasping and sucking of food.

Prof. Emerson found on examination that the action of the flies was to gather animalcules, which had attached to them in flying about the room. He took a sheet of white paper into the kitchen and waved it around, taking care that no flies touched it, went back to the microscope and there found animalcules, the same as on flies. He had now arrived at something definite; they were not the progeny of the fly, but animalcules floating in the air; and the quick motions of the flies gathered them on their bodies, and the flies then went into some quiet corner to have their dainty meal.

The investigator goes on to describe how he continued the experiment in a variety of localities, and how, in dirty and bad smelling quarters, he found the myriads of flies which existed there literally covered with animalcules, while other flies, captured in bed rooms or well ventilated, clean apartments, were miserably lean and entirely free from their prey. Wherever filth existed, evolving germs which might generate disease, there were the flies, covering themselves with the minute organisms and greedily devouring the same.

Mr. Emerson, while thus proving the utility of the fly, has added another and lower link to that curious and necessary chain of destruction which exists in animated nature. These infinitesimal animalcules form food for the flies, the flies for the spiders, the spiders for the birds, the birds for the quadrupeds, and so on up to the last of the series, serving the same purpose to man. He certainly deserves credit for an interesting and novel investigation, and for an intelligent discernment which might even attack the difficult task of teaching us the uses—for nature makes nothing without some beneficial end—of the animalcules themselves.

Making Soft Soap.

Mary C. West has the following chat with a neighbor, and as she gives a few good hints as to making soft soap, we quote entire:

"How did you run your lye?" I asked.

"I put ashes in a large barrel till it was full, and then allowed water to soak through from the top in the usual way."

"Was your lye strong enough to bear an egg so soon as it came from the barrel?"

"Yes."

"And did it seem to cut up the grease?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was all right—what was the trouble with it, then?"

"Why, the lye and the grease would not unite; when it had cooled the grease was all on the top and the lye at the bottom—it's always just my luck."

"What kind of wood did you burn to make your ashes?"

"Oak, bay and magnolia."

"And what did you put in the bottom of your barrel, under your ashes?"

"Nothing but a little fine brush and broom sedge, to keep the ashes from running out."

"All has been perfectly right except the last—in that lies the secret of your bad luck. You should have put at the bottom of your vessel a few pounds of quicklime—that you are likely always to find necessary when you burn swamp wood. Ashes from swamp wood have a great power to absorb carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and carbonic acid produces the effect which you name; but lime neutralizes the acid and makes it all right."

A Woman's Cure for Lockjaw.

Several weeks ago this community, says the Reading *Eagle*, was somewhat alarmed about what was considered as a lockjaw epidemic. A great many fatal cases were reported, and the physicians again found themselves at a loss to properly meet this much dreaded ailment. The following cure, urged by an elderly woman residing along the Blue mountains, is said to be effectual. Some will not employ the remedy because they think it too simple; others have no faith in it, while others often think such a wound as is made by running a rusty nail in the foot too trivial to make much fuss about. The remedy is simple and always on hand when needed, and if put into practice many a life might be saved.

It is simply to smoke such a wound or bruise that is inflamed with burning wool or woolen cloth. It is said that in twenty minutes the smoke of wool will take the pain out of the worst wound, and repeated once or twice, it will allay the worst case of inflammation arising from a wound. People may sneer at the old woman's remedy as much as they please, but when they are afflicted, just let them try it. It has saved many lives and much pain, and is worthy of being printed in letters of gold and put in every home.

Separating Them.

Vandalia, Indiana, is strongly conservative, at least in church matters. The old custom of separating the men from the women of the congregation still prevails in one house of worship. A violation of the rule was observed by the clergyman during a recent Sunday service, and he drew the attention of the offenders to the fact in a loud tone of voice and rather emphatic terms. They did not seem inclined to move, so the reverend gentleman persisted in his vociferations, laying the sermon aside till he had disposed of the breach of church etiquette. At the third demand both transgressors arose and left the house.

Rats and Goats.

"What are you after around here?" inquired a Detroit grocer as he saw a small boy edging up to a sugar barrel.

"I'm looking for rats," replied the boy, as he got out.

In a few minutes he was discovered at the back door, and the grocer called out:

"Ha! Are you looking for rats yet?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, moving away, "I was looking after my lost goat!"

Henry Ward Beecher's Oath.

When the defendant in the great suit of Tilton *vs.* Beecher was called as a witness, the scene which ensued is described as follows:

Mr. Evarts said: "Mr. Beecher will be sworn." The defendant rose amid a bustle in the room, and, carrying his soft hat folded together in his hand, made his way behind the jury-box, came to the front with a gray and rigid face, and stepped up upon the stand. The officer offered him a Bible, but he put it aside, and, looking straight ahead of him at the clerk, held up his right hand.

"You do solemnly affirm and declare"—began Mr. Mallison.

"Wait a moment," put in Mr. Beach, springing up, and Mr. Evarts got up too.

"You do solemnly affirm and declare"—renewed the clerk.

"Wait a moment, sir!" shouted Mr. Beach. Then he said, solemnly, to the judge: "I object to this form of oath, sir, unless Mr. Beecher shall declare that he has conscientious scruples against swearing upon the Scriptures."

The witness did not move a muscle, but stood upright and gray, looking straight at the clerk, or over his head and out of the window.

Judge Neilson—Any form that Mr. Beecher considers will bind his conscience.

Mr. Beach—The statute, sir—the statute is that a witness shall be sworn upon the Scriptures unless he declares he has conscientious scruples against that mode of swearing.

Whereupon, upon these harsh voices broke Mr. Beecher's mellow one, and he said, in grave fashion, unmoved by the ungracious incident:

"I have conscientious scruples against swearing on the Bible."

Mr. Mallison began again: "You do solemnly affirm and declare"— and Mr. Beecher had put up his hand again, when Mr. Evarts said, "Stop!" The clerk stopped, and Mr. Evarts told him:

"He swears with uplifted hand by the ever-living God, as is the custom in New England, the distinction between an oath and an affirmation being the same there as here."

The clerk suited all parties at last, administering this oath:

"You do solemnly swear, in the presence of the ever-living God, that the evidence you shall give in this issue joined between Theodore Tilton, plaintiff, and Henry Ward Beecher, defendant, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"I do," said Mr. Beecher, and settled in his seat at once in a lounging, comfortable attitude.

Native Cruelty in India.

A Baroda correspondent of the Bombay *Gazette* furnishes the following remarkable, and, if true, atrocious particulars of a case of cruelty, which, he says, has created a profound sensation, as well it might. It appears, says this authority, that one of Mulhar Rao's courtiers, who was in great favor with his highness, was looked upon with jealousy by some of his fellow courtiers. So, to get him into trouble with the Maharajah, they reported to his highness that the favorite had been casting amorous glances at the Queen. The poor man was then seized under—as I hear it will be satisfactorily proved—the orders of the Maharajah, and cast into prison. Special fetters and manacles were forged for him. I have seen them. A great iron bar nearly as thick as your wrist and about eighteen inches long, with thick heavy rings fitting on it for the hands to go in to secure his arms. These things alone weighed twenty-two pounds. An iron ring of great weight was put around his neck, and a chain was, I believe, attached to it. Huge iron bars with rings attached, together weighing thirty-five pounds, were fastened to his legs, so that it must have been impossible for the poor fellow to walk even a yard. He could neither stand, sit, nor lie down. I am told the weight of the iron attached to his hands must have been almost always on his chest, and the iron around his neck must have bent his body down so that his sufferings must have been terrible. But they discovered a way of adding to them. For about sixteen days they fed him on chutney made of chillies, and gave him salt water to drink. At the end of this time he died. Every one who has seen these fetters feels sick at the very thought of what this poor wretch must have suffered. All this time there was no charge made against him, and there is no reason to suppose that any notice would ever have been taken of the circumstance if it had not been for the inquiry which has been ordered to be held.

A Voudou Celebration.

Mary B. Williams contributes to *Appleton's Journal* an account, given to her by an aged relative, of a Voudou celebration in Louisiana fifty years ago. It was St. John's eve, and the narrator, then a young boy, prevailed upon a negro woman to take him along. The place of the ceremonies was an abandoned brickyard in a suburb of New Orleans. In an old building two altars of brick had been piled up, and about sixty negro men and women, dressed in white, were gathered. On a table stood two stuffed cats, one black and the other white, and between them was an uncouth image of a woman. At a signal from an old man who conducted the rites a din was commenced by drummers, and then he drew out from a box a huge snake. Several candidates for initiation had been ranged in a kneeling posture, and the snake was drawn slowly around the neck of each, the conductor repeating the name of the order, "Voudou Magnian." Eating and drinking followed, the beverage being sugar-cane rum, until all were drunk. Then fires were kindled on the altars, and they joined in a dance of the most grotesque description. The women tore off their garments, the conductor brought out the writhing snake again, and the dancers sang:

Houm! dance Calinda.
Voudou! Magnian,
Aie! Aie!
Dance Calinda!

"The orgies," concludes the description, "were becoming frightful. Suddenly the candles flared up and went out, leaving nothing but a faint glow from the dying pyres. I had grown sick from heat, and an indescribable horror took possession of me. With one bound I was out of the shed, and with all speed traversed the yard, found the gate open, and I was in the street and near home sooner than I can tell. If I ever have realized a sense of the real visible presence of his majesty the devil, it was that night among his Voudou worshipers."

A Hint in Dutch.

A plucked goose is the appropriate device (for both parties) in most lawsuits. Victims are rarely lucky enough to realize this as seasonably as in the case here given: A Lancaster (Pa.) lawyer is said to be the originator of the following joke: Being called upon by both parties to a suit, he informed the last one of his inability to serve him, but gave him a note to another advocate, who would, no doubt, take his case. Somewhat dubious, he hunted up a friend who could read the note, the purport of which was "Zwa fette gens; du rost und ich rop"—"Two fat geese; you pluck and I pluck." On sharing the contents with his opponent, they settled the case between them.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

A Beautiful Story of a Happy Life—The Olden Time.

In an old parlor in Tarrytown (a quiet Pennsylvania village) there still hangs a portrait by Inman of Rachel Carey, of whom the artist said hers was the most rare and fine face he had ever seen. In the village, however, the New York *Tribune* says, she was not regarded as so handsome a woman as the squire's daughter, whose eyes were black as sloes, and whose cheeks were like spice pinks. The Careys, too, being near kinsfolk of Thomas Jefferson, were held to be of better blood than their neighbors, and were paid homage as only inferior classes in a village know how to yield deference to the Brahmins among them. Her mother took Rachel to the sewing-bees and "tea assemblies" of the countryside, but only the young men of certain families presumed to ask her hand in a dance. The Careys were not rich. It required a good deal of saving to buy and lay by the two dozen silver spoons of each kind which were to be part of her wedding outfit; for, as was customary, as soon as the girl was born this outfit took its place in the family plans. Madam Carey put aside her lace cuffs, and emeralds set in guinea gold, and as soon as Rachel was fifteen, being then a most expert needlewoman, webs of fine homespun linen were given her which she embroidered and made up into underclothing for the time when she should be a bride. There were no balls, no lectures, no morning paper then with its record of news and crime to furnish her with thought; and when we remember how much of her youth was spent in quiet sewing and in pure sweet maidenly fancies of her life to come, we do not wonder that when marriage came at last she was a most true wife and tender mother.

It was, however, usual for women to be so then. She was just eighteen when Israel Newbold asked her in marriage; a young counselor-at-law, of good family, and to whose credit it was known that he had been approached by Burr (while he was in Western Pennsylvania), and had indignantly refused him his aid or that of his family. The young people saw each other only in the presence of others; their letters were studied and formal; the engagement was kept secret, as was the custom. But love was as strong and fiery then as now, and burned all the clearer because hidden under modest reserve. One can but envy them the delicious thrill of their sacred secret when their hands touched in the stately quadrille or their eyes told the sweet unspoken story. When Jack and Belle, having flirted with and kissed half a dozen other girls and men, engage themselves nowadays between the pauses in the waltz and hie away together next morning to announce the fact to all their acquaintances, the story does not seem to be sweet at all. Israel and Rachel were married on Easter, 1820, and Israel took his bride to Philadelphia (spending a month in crossing the mountains), where many assemblies were given in her honor. Mr. Jefferson met her there and wrote to her father: "My young kinswoman is shy as a dove, but she has a ready and delicate wit when alone with a friend." She never conquered this shyness; when we knew her the pink blush would rise to her wrinkled cheeks if she was forced to speak before strangers. Her beauty was then so marvelous that crowds followed her coach in the streets, to the great wrath of her young husband, who had no mind to make his rose common property; much indignation too was expressed by her friends in the city when it was found that certain engravers had stolen a copy of her portrait for insertion in a book of the year.

Israel Newbold became a judge, and never left the quiet country neighborhood. He was a stern man, who lived long enough to grow cynical with a time which rewarded cheating and impudence rather than integrity and honor. His wife concerned herself very little with the times. She had a family of eleven children, and controlled a household of many servants. In it was carried on the business of a farm, weaving, dairy work, the making of clothes for the whole family. She personally superintended not only all these works, and the storing away of provisions, fruits, meats, herbs, but the teaching of her boys and girls, for whom she employed tutors and governesses. Modern instruction, she complained, was too wide and shallow; there was no thorough knowledge given of history, and accurate English was seldom heard. Nothing could be simpler or purer than her own use of language, in her letters or conversation. It strengthened the effect which her delicate face and always rich dainty dress had even upon strangers who did not know her. A curious part of that effect was that this woman did not belong to society nor to the world, but to her husband and friends and children. Her life was so filled with them, her great household controlled with such wisdom and order, her influence of strength and sweet humanity diffused subtly through so many hearts and lives, that we did not complain that there was no chance for her to become a public character. Her sons have grown up honorable men, her daughters are faithful, happy wives. Her husband died a few weeks ago, just as their children were ready to celebrate their golden wedding, which would have been on Easter day. After his death she made no loud outcry; the love of husband and wife had been sacred and wordless always. But the pink blush left the aged cheek and she sat quiet and silent. We knew that she felt her work was altogether done. When her sons, who loved her very dearly, found that the end was near, they hurried to the old homestead from the furthest ends of the country, and like children, with their heads upon her knees, cried out that she must not leave them. "Your father wants me, boys," she said gently. "Nobody can take my place to him." And so it was that on Easter day she left us and went back to the husband of her youth, and their golden wedding was held in another land than ours.

Story About Boys.

A doting father has two hopeful sons, one five and the other two years old. A few evenings since, after some pleading, they got papa tuned up and listened in silent delight—the little one on his knee and the elder by his side—while he sang the beautiful song of "Ben Bolt." He feelingly traced the story of the bold mariner and with intense pathos portrayed the death of his sweet Alice, who sleeps beneath the gray, cold granite in the old churchyard

"In a corner obscure and alone."

When the song was ended there was profound silence. They were too full for utterance. The younger boy leaned against his father's bosom. The elder gazed dreamily into the fire. After some moments he turned his eyes, glowing with the fervor of intense excitement, to his father and asked:

"Papa, what is a skewrand?"

"A what, my son?"

"A skewrand."

"A skewrand! Why, my son, I have not the slightest idea. Where did you ever hear such a word as that?"

"Why, papa, when you were singing you said: 'In a corner of a skewrand alone!'"

As it was late and the boy was sound asleep, mother was called and the inspired youths were put to bed.

THE IDOL OF HER HEART.

"A light at last!" exclaimed, fervently, the young American who accompanied a Russian embassador in this his third stage from Uralsk, in the route of a long journey southward. "Heaven be praised, we are nearing a human habitation!"

Through the driving sleet his keen eye had discovered the twinkling of a lamp-light. They had crossed thirty miles of wintry desert without encountering a sign of life. The good news failed, however, to arouse his semi-dormant companion. The younger man turned toward him a glance of compassion. Thrown from the sledge some miles back on that day's journey, the poor embassador had sustained an injury so painful that only for the last hour, and under the influence of opiates, he had ceased from moaning.

The isolated dwelling which the travelers approached, and where the sledges conveying their luggage had arrived, proved to be the house of a Russian peasant. No sooner had they passed its wind-guarded passages, carefully lined with felt, and entered from the intense cold of the out door air into the no less intense heat of the stove-warmed interior, than the embassador fainted.

The energies of the American were devoted immediately to the care of his friend. He had already ordered his servant to bring the medicine chest from the sledge, and he speedily selected and applied, with expressions of tender solicitude, the proper stimulants, lotions, and bandages. He had the satisfaction to see the embassador slowly revive, and to convince himself that the injury was nothing more serious than a sprained ankle, which delay in affording remedy, and untoward exposure had rendered painful.

Not only a handsome youth, tall, straight, broad-shouldered, and sunnily blonde, was the young American, Hartley Berne, but a dashing, spirited, merry-voiced individual, who, as quickly as he found his patient recovering, broke forth into pleasant sallies, which had the effect to make the embassador's face relax from its dreary askew, and to draw his big features into an approach to a laugh.

It was nearly midnight when the doctoring was finished. Tea had been steeped in the great Russian tea-urn, and had been swallowed in prodigious quantities. The embassador, muttering many but not various adjectives of depreciation, had been hoisted upon the bed of otate—the sole family bed, be it whispered—namely, the fur-spread roof of the huge stove, where gradually his groans, in the soothing spell of a skillfully concocted draught, subsided into satisfied grunts. Then Hartley Berne had leisure to study critically his surroundings.

He was not long in comprehending the contents of the cramped chamber, nearly one-fourth of whose space was occupied by the mud-furnace, whose flattened dome was now peacefully graced by his comrade. A table of rude deal, occupying the center, supported his own contemplative elbows. A bench, rough like the table, surrounded the room. On the dingy wall, between two double-glazed windows, hung a gilded picture of Saint Nicholas. In one corner a pitcher of water, sacred to scanty ablution, was suspended from the ceiling, and a shelf opposite upheld a crude black stone, resembling a miscarved Otaheitan idol.

On the bench under the gilded saint were seated the women who had watched the stranger's medicinal performance with such admiring fascination. They spoke Russian, and as our traveler was no novice in that language, and had patiently acquainted himself with such phrases of gallantry as usually give pleasure, he lost no time in rendering himself agreeable.

He did this the more readily since, although one of the women was middle-aged and ugly, the other was young and pretty. Yes, in spite of her coarse garb, the critic pronounced her decidedly, and even—after he had paid a few compliments, and had seen her dark eyes glisten, her cheeks flush like the ripened peach, and across her glancing white teeth her red lips redden—"confoundedly" pretty.

They talked of many things, and it was not until the host had returned from his care of the beasts that conversation turned upon the one *objet de virtu*, and the guest inquired the significance of the black stone.

"It is Reva's god," said the elder woman, with an inimical leer and a vicious emphasis.

"It is a curiosity," said the host, glancing angrily at his wife, "and my daughter here has a right to it, since she picked it up herself last winter, in the snow."

"It came to me," said the girl, sullenly.

The guest arose and examined the stone. "A meteorite," he pronounced it, "and an interesting specimen."

When the host hinted, or growled, rather, that it was bed-time, all retired to the state bed excepting Reva. Modesty, perhaps, but more probably the fact that the embassador took much room, caused her to determine to keep watch that night. In the dim fire-light the young American, through his half-closed eyelids, saw her without surprise, for his vanity had perceived the attraction he possessed, draw near and nearer him, until at last she was quietly seated by his side.

So the night waned. When indisputable slumber was attested by a trio of snoring, Reva whispered to the stranger, who rested but did not sleep:

"Wise youth, for you converse, I think, with the stars, and unravel secrets, have you the willingness to help a poor girl much troubled?"

The flashing eyes of the wild beauty, her confiding air, and the evident confessional nature of her appeal aroused the youth's cautiousness as sensibly as his cordiality.

"If I can help you," he said, not altogether sympathetically, "with advice, perhaps, I shall not be unwilling."

"Counsel me, then, kind stranger, how I shall find my way to the land native to my fancy. I am not a Russian. So is my father, so likewise is my step-mother, but not I. I am a Kirghis. My mother was a slave, taken in skirmish; a slave, also a wife. She died in giving me life. I would gladly, now that I comprehend all things, exchange gifts with her. Every day I feel that I would prefer to be far distant, for my step-mother is not beloved by me, and—shall I tell you?—I am betrothed to a ruffian utterly abhorrent. Do not now give me answer," she added, as he bestirred himself responsively, "but sleep, my stranger, for you are wearied of your journeys; and while you sleep I will hold your hand and conduct you through the dream-world. Then the door will appear to you that shall open to give freedom to a girl most unhappy, who would escape.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ..... Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., April 29,, 1875.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

Another member of the House has died,—Mr. Snyder, of Northampton, on 20. This makes the eighth.

Potatoes at Harrisburg $1 per bushel. The Danville iron manufacturies are about starting to work again. In Pittsburg they started up again last week.

And now the hod-carriers of Brooklyn are on a strike in consequence of which the brick layers and masons are out of employment. The masons had positively agreed to work for ten hours.

The Lock Haven Republican has adopted the Lansbury-Butler shooting as its hobby. Its a slow and dull horse, and will carry the rider to the asylum quicker than elsewhere.

Another dam disaster has visited Massachusetts, particulars of which were given by us last week. So many of these affairs occurred there within a short time, we come think that it must be a bad dam state, or a dam bad state.

The Adventists, at midnight of Monday 19,-were on the lookout for the end of the world, but again with disappointment. That end "is not come yet," and the Advents can live to look and guess again for that little event. If one of them climbed a high pole, maybe he might see it a-comen afar off.

Kansas advises report the appearance of grasshoppers in large quantities. Plants have been stripped of every leaf, not a blade of grass has been left, and the wheat is completely ruined. Chinch bugs are waiting for the corn to come up.

A call has been made for a temperance convention to be held at Harrisburg on the 16th of June, to nominate candidates for Governor and State Treasurer. The callers pitch into both parties as unworthy of trust and purpose to march upon the battle-field flying the local option banner.

It is now said that Morton avows himself a candidate for President. This puts a big strain on Grant's Third-term proclivities. Morton is the radical leader in the U. S. Senate, and has swallowed all the bad administration business, and willingly went into work which Schurz, Sumner, Fenton and other republican leaders could not be driven to assist in upholding and in consequence had to cut loose from radicalism.

South Carolina cursed with carpet-bag rule, will endeavor to reach some of the rascals who robbed her. Late intelligence from there says that the war against corrupt officials begun by Governor Chamberlain has already resulted in the arrest of Niles G. Parker, the state treasurer under the Scott and Moses administrations, upon charges of fraud and embezzlement, preferred by Governor Chamberlain and others. Parker has been committed to the Columbia jail in default of $250,000 bail. It is rumored that this is but the first of a series of efforts to bring the public plonderers to justice.

Williams, Grant's Att'y Gen'l, has resigned. This is landaulet Williams,—whose wife kept up a carriage and team at government expense. He intends going to his home, in Oregon and run for U. S. Senator.

With the retirement of Att'y General Williams from the cabinet it is more than probable there will be a complete reorganization. Besides Williams and Delano two other members of the cabinet have intimated a detrminstion to retire at an early day.

Further advises from Washington say that behind all the reasons for the resignation of members of the cabinet, is the fear of investigations which it is known will be set on foot next winter by the democratic house of representatives. There are a series of charges which will be preferred soon after the opening of the session that will involve, it is stated, the secretary of the interior and the attorney general.

These relate to transactions in the public lands and have nothing to do with Indian affairs. The facts relating to this particular case have been placed before the President, but he paid no attention to them, regarding them as manufactured stories. Those interested are determined to bring the matter to the attention of the next house and ask for a committee of investigation.

The citizens of this state have suspicioned something wrong in the management of the state treasury—an important institution, which has been under radical control for the last ten or twelve years, and in which the honest taxpayers of this commonwealth have a deep interest—as all the taxes direct and indirect, that are wrung from them, go into the treasury to the amount of several millions every year. These moneys, it is believed, and with good ground too, are farmed out by the ring, and used for purposes of private speculation instead of the legitimate uses as prescribed by the constitution and laws.

As there have been charges of rottenness in this department of the state government, the house at its recent session, passed a resolution authorizing a committee to investigate the books, and affairs in general of the public treasury, and ascertain whether the charges of foul play are true. It was fitting and proper that such a committee be appointed. The office is a public one, and the people have a right to know whether their servant, the state treasurer, has been true to his trust.

The House committee referred to, last week went to the treasury department, at Harrisburg, and stated its mission. Mr. Mackey, the radical state treasurer, said "No, that he would not allow a committee to investigate his books and the affairs of the treasury." Now why not? That department belongs to the people, and Mr. Mackey is the people's servant, and the masters of this servant certainly have a right to look into their own affairs, and see whether their servant has been faithful in the discharge of his duties. No one will gainsay this. Yet Mr. Mackey refuses. Then there must be something wrong, which Mr. Mackey is afraid to have found out. If his management is all fair and square, why refuse to let a committee look into it?

It is undoubtedly true that the public money has been used by members of the ring for private speculation, and that vagabond politicians of the radical party have been making large gains by the handling of millions of dollars of the people's funds every year, and that is what Mr. Mackey does not wish to see unearthed, and this furnishes the reason for refusing to allow his masters, the people, through their representatives to investigate his management of the state funds.

Mr. Orvis when in the House, it will be remembered, made a speech, in which he showed that the funds in the state treasury were being misapplied, and that there was a large deficiency. This refusal of Mr. Mackey to have his books examined, looks at though the suspicions and charges of Mr. Orvis were well-founded.

We suppose there will be some way to get at this thing, and expose the corruption that has been practiced in the treasury department, much as Mr. Mackey and his ring may dislike to have it exposed.

A dispatch from Pottsville Pa., states that the quantity of coal sent from that region last week was 11,889 tons against 82,426 tons the corresponding week the previous year. The supply for the week is 157,916 tons of anthracite independent of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company from which no return has been received, and 89,657 tons bituminous against 378,485 tons for the corresponding week last year. The whole supply sent from all the regions so far this year is 3,295,567 tons against 4,124,837 tons to the same period last year. The decrease in the supply of anthracite is 954,718 tons.

AN APT THIRD TERM SPEECH.

"We won't stay here long"

The above is the speech made by Grant, after the train stopped in the depot at Hartford, Conn., on 16, on his way to the Concord celebration. A crowd was waiting to see the President; several members of his cabinet were with him, among them Post-Master General Jewell, of Hartford, who, when the cars reached his own city, stepped upon the platform with the President, but the crowd didn't cheer a farthing's worth. The P. M. Gen'l then tried to start a hurrah by saying "Gentlemen, the President of the U. S." and ordered three cheers which were given. Grant then uttered those words, "We wont stay here long." Had this little incident happened from the steps of the White House, this speech would have been one of the most significant oratorical efforts of the great smoker, and settled the Third-term question, to the relief of Blaine and Hartranft, and others whose hearts are aching for the possession of the White House.

"We won't stay here long"—these words Ulysses may repeat some day between this and March 4, 1878, when sitting and musing in his chair at Washington upon the ungreatfulness of Republics. We are sure that the people have a speech for him in just as few words: "We don't want you to stay longer," and that will be followed by a big flitting from the White House to Galena.

But it is too bad that Hartford, the home of Jewell, did not have an enthusiastic "three cheers" all ready just as soon as Grant stepped out on the platform. However, the Connecticut election, which was held only a few weeks before, did not look as though the people up there felt in a mood to cheer in a Third-term direction, hence it was not at all unnatural that "We won't stay here long"—this was resolved upon on higienic principles, for the President knew Connecticut to have an unhealthy atmosphere.

THE TREASURY INVESTIGATION.

The accounts, says the Morning Patriot, of the difference between the investigation committee of the house and State Treasurer Mackey, are so incomplete and incorrect as to convey an exceedingly erroneous impression. The facts as they took place in the interview on Thursday are as follows: The committee waited upon the State Treasurer Mackey, and informed him that they were ready to proceed with the discharge of their duties. Mr. Mackey replied that he could not recognize the committee as such, but he would allow them as citizens of the commonwealth and members of the legislature to examine the public accounts and ascertain that the state funds were intact. If on examination, they found all the accounts correct and the public money accounted for, he would expect the committee to give him a certificate to that effect. To this the committee responded that they would make an impartial examination and make a report in strict accordance with the facts; that they were ready to proceed with the investigation but would do so as a committee, whatever might be Mr. Mackey's private view in regard to their powers in the premises. They then requested that the books of the treasury be shown to them in order that they might ascertain the amount of money in the treasury at the close of the previous day's business. Here Mr. Mackey raised an objection, and said that the committee, under the resolution, must begin with the accounts of State Treasurer M'Grath. To expedite matters the committee requested the production of the cash books of the treasury from the beginning of M'Grath's term until the close of the previous day's acounts. A number of books having been produced, an examination was begun with the assistance of Martin Powell, esq., who was accountant for the committee. At this point Mr. Mackey came in from the outer room and exclaimed, "No more of "this. I will not permit any interference by outsiders. The committee can "examine but not outsiders." Mr. Powell signifying his intention to depart the committee requested him to wait, and informed Mr. Mackey that he was their accountant, and not an "outsider" or intruder. To this Mr. Mackey replied, that he recognized no committee, but would allow the committee as members of the legislature to make the investigation. The committee declined to make the investigation merely as members of the legislature, stating that their object was to make a full and fair inquiry in regard to the treasury ballance then on hand, and see that the money was intact; and that in order to do this they required the service of an experienced accountant, as provided for in the house resolution. If the right to make such an examination were not accorded them they would retire. Mr. Mackey would not yield his position, and the committee accordingly withdrew.

There have been seventy-one working days consumed in the Beecher-Tilton trial, says the Times, and the defense has not concluded its case; it will probably take another week to do so. Then will come the rebuttal; that will take a month at least. Next we will have the sur-rebuttal, which will consume as much time; and then side-shows will be introduced that will last for two weeks; afterwards Mr. Pryor, Mr. Porter, Mr. Fullerton, Mr. Evarts and Mr. Beach will speak. We average them at two days and a half each, and concede them in the aggregate of two weeks. Finally Judge Nelson will deliver his charge. If he reads all the notes he has taken he will last a month; but we think he will not require more than a week. This calculation brings it down to the end of the first week of the last summer month—Saturday, August 8, 1875. After a few instructions have been given to the jury, at the suggestion of Messrs. Evarts and Beach respectively, the case will be given to the jury. We make no prediction as to the time when it will come from it.

THAT INJUNCTION.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY TEST ITS FORCE A REMARKABLE SCENE AT THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, NEW YORK—AN AWKWARD HALT, FOLLOWED BY AN UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

From The Philadelphia Times.

New York, April 16.—The party that accompanied the President to the Grand Central depot this morning consisted of Vice President Wilson Secretaries Robeson and Belknap, Colonel Hackett, of Governor Gaston's staff, Secretary Delano, George W. Childs and young Hamilton Fish. Colonel Hackett alighted first, and having assisted the President to alight, drew his arm through his own and marched straight for the entrance of the cars. There was an immense throng in waiting to see whether the door tender would pass them without seeing their tickets. The two elbowed their way through the throng and reached the railing around the door of the entrance of the cars. A door master stood there punching the tickets, and to him Colonel Hackett waved his hand loftily, saying the President and he would pass through without further ceremony.

"Tickets, gents," said the door master stepping in front of the would-be free riders.

"The President of the United States—President Grant," Colonel Hackett repeated pointing to that gentleman.

"I can't help who 'you are, you can't get through this gate without showing your tickets," said the door master; with rockey firmness of tone and manner.

The President cast upon the official a look of concentrated contempt and scorn.

"Stand back and don't block the passage, gents," said the doormaster. By this time the throng had caught spirit of the scene and had closed about the party. Vice President Wilson who had elbowed his way with Robeson's arm in his own just to the rear of the President, was keenly alive to the shamefulness of the situation. With a hasty glance he saw how it was to end, and so he dropped back far enough to be out of the focus of eyes. Grant took things calmly, but was very angry, and after a few seconds' pause he said to Hackett, "What's to be done?" That resourceful individual showed a rueful countenance and said, "I guess there's nothing for it but to pay."

With a hasty movement Grant's hand went into his pantaloons pocket, and fishing out a small wallet he abstracted a hundred dollar bank note and thrust it into Hackett's hand. Grant then stood to one side and Hackett went for the pasteboards. Belknap then approached the door keeper and said, "The tickets are being bought, surely you can have no objection to permitting the President to seat himself in the cars?"

The door master glanced at the towering Hackett, who was buying the tickets, thought a moment and then said politely:

"I presume no fault could be found with me for that."

"He says we can go into the cars without waiting for the tickets," the secretary of war said in pleased tones to the President.

"Well, we won't do it," the Executive replied with positiveness.

By this time Colonel Hackett had returned with the nine tickets.

"I'll stand here and check you off as you go through," said he to the President, at the same time taking a position alongside the door master.

"Do nothing of the sort; give a ticket to each one," President Grant commanded, sharply, with unappeased anger.

So the President, Secretary Robeson and General Belknap were furnished with tickets, and the former presented his to the door-master with a sauvity of manner that was evidently intended to be full of trenchant satire. The party were to go to Boston without change of cars; nevertheless, the wily colonel had bought tickets as far as Springfield only.

Says the N. Y. World: The report of the working thus far of Compulsory Education act will not probably alter the opinion formed of it by any intelligent person. Nine truant agents have compelled 335 children to acquire a partial education at the public expense. The parents of these children, it is not surprising to learn, "have expressed themselves as being only too glad to have "some means to keep their children out "of the streets." The school thus apears in the light of a child-pound, and the truant agents, of a domestic constrabulary. So long as the parent is assured that her offspring is at school she may rest in the sweet consciousness that he is not in the police station, and while the truant agent with his umberella-crook or lasso woos him to the halls of learning, she need not worry herself lest he is making her responsible for filched fruit or fractured panes. Whether or not it would be wise to appoint "agents" to see that children were properly and adequately scrubbed and spanked is a question to be commended to the advocates of the compulsory system.

THE LETTER BOSS GRANT SHOULD WRITE.

[From the Worchester Press.]

Loud calls for remarks from Grant on the third-term subject are beginning to come from unexpected quarters. The Boston Journal and Providence Journal would like to have him say just a word—one little "no," or something to that effect. Perhaps he will decide to gratify them; and then if he should decide to become a candidate next year, he could write a letter to his friends, running something like this:

Wearied by importunities and weakened by the result of the Connecticut election, I give a letter relinquishing the third term, under assurance that it would remove all difficulties between me and my party. That letter I now revoke. I was persuaded to do it, almost forced, when I was in a weakenad state of mind. I regret it and recall its statements. U. S. G.

A Disgraceful scene occurred at a church at Reading on Sunday night last. A young man interfered with the service, and blasphemed the name of God to such an extent that policemen were called in, a terrible fight took place, ladies fainted, young girls screamed, and a terrible scene followed. It was necessary to stop all services for the evening.

Advices from Fort Sill announce that the Comanche chiefs Manaway, Ling Hungry and Wild Horse came in and surrendered with 37 braves, 140 women and children and 700 ponies.

The steamboats John Kyle, Exporter and Charles Bodman were burned at New Orleans on Friday, and many lives are reported lost.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE LITERATURE OF THE CENTENNIAL.

Lexington, April 19.—One of the regular toasts at the banquet to day was "England and the United States." No response was given, but in lieu thereof the following letter was read from the ex-Premier of England, the Right Hon. Wm. E Gladstone:

London, March 5, 1875.

Gentlemen: I have the honor to receive the letter in which you convey to me a very warm and corteous invitation to attend the banquet which it is proposed to hold at Lexington, in commemoration of the attainment of independence by the United States of America. The circumstances of the war which yielded that result, the principles it illustrates, and the remarkable powers and characters of the principal men who took part, whether as soldiers or civilians, in the struggle, have always invested it with a peculiar interest in my eyes, quite independently of the intimate concerns of this country in the events themselves. On account of these features that war and its accompaniments seem to me to constitute one of the most instructive chapters of modern history, and I have repeatedly recommended them to younger men as subjects of especial study.

With these views I need not say how far I am from regarding the approaching celebration with indifference. It is entirely beyond my power to cross the sea, even with the present admirable communications, for the purpose of attendance. The present time happens to be for me, even independently of my attendance in Parliament, one of very urgent occupations which I am not at liberty to put aside. But I earnestly hope, and I cannot doubt that the celebration will be worthy of the occasion. In a retrospective view of the eventful period my countrymen can now contemplate its incidents with impartiality. I do not think they should severely blame their ancestors, whose struggle to maintain the unity of the British Empire is one that must I think, after the late great war of the North and South, be viewed in America with some sympathy and indulgence. We can hardly be expected to rate very highly the motives of those other powers who threw their weight into the other scale, and who so sensibly contributed toward accelerating, if not indeed toward determining, the issue of the war. Yet, for one, I can most truly say that whatever the motives and however painful the process, they, while seeking to do an injury, conferred upon us a great benefit, by releasing us from efforts the continuation of which would have been an unmixed evil. As regards the fathers of the American Constitution themselves, I believe we can and do now contemplate their great qualities and achievements with an admiration as pure as that of American citizens themselves, and can rejoice no less heartily that in the counsels of Providence they were made the instrument of a purpose most beneficial to the world. The circumstances under which the United States began their national existence, and their unexampled rapidity of advance in wealth and population, enterprise and power, have imposed on their people an enormous responsibility. They will be tried, as we shall, at the bar of History, but on a greater scale. They will be compared with the men, not only of other countries, but of other times. They can not escape from the liabilities and burdens which their greatness imposes on them. No one desires more fervently than I do that they may be enabled to realize the highest hopes and anticipations that belong to their great position in the family of man.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obliged and faithful servant.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

A DESTRUCTIVE FREEZE

Damage to Crops in the South and West.

Fort Monroe, April 19.—Last night the mercury came down to twenty-four degrees—about as low as it has been here during this winter, and in consequence froze out all the early fruit and vegetables in this section, and it is well understood the lower peninsula depend entirely upon their early vegetables for subsistence, and a failure to produce a good and paying crop incurs distress and sometimes ruin upon them. This season the climate in this section has been very favorable to the production of early crops, and the farmers in this vicinity were jubilant over their prospects. Even before the ice gorge at Port Deposit had been removed their early potatoes were up, and they anticipated beating the Jerseymen by at least three weeks. But the freeze of last night has put a damper on their spirits. Parties who had an orchard of some 3,000 or 4,000 peach and pear trees, who were jubilant on Friday over their brilliant prospects of a bountiful crop, now say that if they get a dozen baskets from the whole orchard they will be doing well.

In fact the whole crop of early vegetables, peas, beans, potatoes, strawberries, etc., have been cut off in the blossoms of their youth, as it were, and the hard worked and poorly paid farmer has to go to the expense and trouble of buying new seed and planting new crops in order to realize anything in the present summer market. On the lower peninsula the only production relied upon by farmers is early vegetables, and if these fail they are gone. The recent cold snap has ruined their prospects, and they have nothing left but to replant and try it again.

The damage to the crops in the vicinity of Norfolk is even more disastrous than in this section. The early vegetables were at least a week ahead of those on the lower peninsula, and all the early peas, tomatoes, asparagus, beans, etc., have been killed. The damage to the trucking interests in this section cannot be estimated, but half a million of dollars would not cover the loss to out truckers, who depend upon this for their sole means of subsistence.

Cincinnati, April 21.—The Commercial this morning publishes advices as to the condition of the fruit and wheat crops from sixty-one towns in Ohio and thirty-one in Indiana. In Ohio the peach crop will be a complete failure. Apples are but slightly. In regard to other fruit, one town reports a good crop, twelve report a half crop, and forty-eight report no crop at all, as to wheat, twenty-four towns report the crop uninjured, twenty-two report a half crop, and twelve no crop.

In Indiana thirteen towns report the crop uninjured, eight a half crop and nine no crop. As to fruit, three report a good crop, seven a half crop, and twenty-one no crop. Advices from ten towns in western Pennsylvnia indicate about half a crop in fruit and wheat. A dispatch from Detroit, Michigan, states that reports from all parts of Michigan indicate that the drouth and cold weather have greatly injured the wheat crops and killed off peaches very generally and seriously damaged small fruits. Apples promise a good yield. Plentiful rains may improve the wheat crop very materially.

THE CENTENARIANISM CONTROVERSY.

New York World.

Our recent notice of the belief entertained by Sir George Cornwall Lewis and Mr. Thoms that no authenticated case of the survival of a human being to the age of one hundred years can be produced, has as usual, called forth a cloud of witnesses to put them down with instances. A correspondent, whose letter we printed the other day, cites the cases of three graduates of Harvard college who lived to be more than one hundred years old. Another correspondent names Father Cleveland, who died a few years ago, in the role of centenarian and remarks that "no one ever doubted his age," also the name of Count Waldeck, of Paris, whose age is given at 109 years. "I think that Mr. Thoms has never thrown any doubt on the latter's age," says our correspondent. On the contrary, Mr. Thoms distinctly asserts his unbelief that anybody has lived over a hundred years, and that assertion includes the French count. The cases instanced by our correspondents are liable to the same objection which Mr. Thoms urges against all alleged cases of centarianism. They rest upon the assertion of the individuals themselves, made in old age, when their faculties were feeble and their childish vanity in their unusual physical endurance was uppermost, and not upon documentary evidence, such as would be deemed conclusive in a court of law. That "no one ever doubted" Father Cleveland's 100 years proves nothing whatever. Thoms Lewis, Dilke and professor Owen have challenged the world to show by evidence satisfactory to a lawyer trained in the rules of evidence that any human being in modern times has lived to be a centenarian. If our correspondents can produce the documents such as parish records or baptismal cerificates, to back up their candidates, then Thoms and company are finally ingloriously routed. But common belief, tombstone evidence, and the affidavits of the parties themselves will not do. Mr Thoms, while investigating this subject, took each noted case of centenarianism reported in the past two hundred years, beginning with that of Jenkins, who is said to have died in 1670 at the age of 169 years and sifted it to the bottom. He spent several years in these pursuits, and claims to have reached the same conclusion in every instance. The reader interested in the subject will find each examination described at length in his book published a few years ago. Among these cases of alleged centenarianism he took up that of Captain Frederick Lahrbush, an old gentleman formerly of the British army and now living in this city, who claims to be 109 years old, and who has annually on his birthday anniversary been the recipient of a congratulatory breakfast at the hands of prominent military, literary and society people among us. Mr. Thoms, after a patient investigation of the British army record, pronounces the age of Captain Lahrbush to be not more than eighty nine years. Of course Mr. Thoms, like all other persons possessed of a dominating hobby, may be drawn unconsciously into error by his pride or prejudice, his hope or his wishes. Professor Wallace and Mr. Crookes are firm believers in the "materialization" of the spirit of Miss Katie King, but if anything appears certain in this life they have been dreadfully fooled. But Thoms has laid down his doctrine and claims to be infallible, and the way to vanquish him is to produce the documents, which we hope that some of our readers will try to do. The evidence in case of a Harvard graduate certainly ought to be the best almost that is accessible, except the very best.

HIGHWAYMEN IN THE CAR.

The Audacity of the Italian Banditti Outdone.

Yesterday was pay day at the Architectural iron works, West Fourteenth street, and at half past eleven o'clock William P. Goldin, a messenger employed by the company, was sent to the Eleventh Ward Bank, Tenth street and Avenue D, to draw the necessary money. Near the bank he noticed a light wagon containing four men, but without paying much attention to it, he went in and presented his check and received from the cashier $3,600, chiefly in small notes. He wrapped them up in a piece of paper, and making a compact bundle, he got into one of the Belt line of cars. At the same time three rough-looking men also entered, one of them taking a seat beside him and the other two getting seats as close as possible. The car was full of passengers, and as it went on Goldin saw the same wagon that he had noticed before following closely. It contained but one man, and another was riding on horseback near it. While the car was passing between Avenues C and D, in Fourteenth street, being on one of the quietest parts of the route, the man who sat next to Goldin snatched the package of money from his hand, and before any of the passengers could recover from the surprise he had escaped from the rear door. One of his companions followed him, while the third quietly drew a pistol from his pocket, and taking his place at the door, turned the muzzle toward the interior of the car, and threatened to shoot the first who might try to get out.

The passengers were all on their feet, the ladies shrieking, while the gentlemen, who, having recovered from their first amazement, had crowded forward to seize the highwaymen, fell back before the muzzle of the pistol. Meanwhile the man with the package of money in his possession threw it into the wagon and sprang in after it. His companion followed him, and the Cerberus at the door of the car jumped off the platform and was getting in too, but one of the passengers, all of whom had rushed out of the car the moment the entrance was clear, seized the horse by the bridle, and shouted for the police. Instantly the man with the pistol returned, and, clubbing his weapon, struck the gentleman with it, knocking him down. His assailant then jumped into the wagon just as another of the passengers, reaching over the side, seized one of the robbers by the leg and threw him down in the vehicle; but the whip was applied to the horse, and instantly he was going at a break-neck gallop past the iron works, in which the employees and officers of the company ran to the doors and windows under the impression that he was running away. They were soon undeceived, for the wagon was hardly out of sight before the messenger, surrounded by the excited passengers, arrived and told the loss. He thought that he might identify the robbers, as well as the horse and wagon.—*N. Y. Sun*, 12th.

THE COAL TAX DECISION.

Reference has already been made to the very important decision of Judge Pearson, of Harrisburg, touching the constitutionality of the act of last year levying a tax upon coal mined. Further reports of the grounds of the decision. The decision involves half a million dollars of taxes, and the case may be stated in brief. The Auditor-General made a settlement of $586,600 against the Kittaning Coal Company for the tax on coal mined and purchased. The Company refused to pay the tax and the case was submitted the court by agreement; the defendant raising four points, viz: First. That the tax imposed by the act of 24th April, 1874, being upon coal mined or purchased by corporations, and not upon coal mined or purchased by individuals and partnerships, was not uniform within the first section of the ninth article of the constitution. Second. That anthracite and bituminous coal were of different values according to quality and location, and the statute assuming to impose a specific tax of the same amount without regard to values was unconstitutional and void. Third. The imposition upon all coal mined or purchased by the company, except that used in their business, and the omission to impose the tax on the coal of individuals and partnerships, was in effect an exemption of the coal of the latter; such exemptions were prohibited by the Constitution and the statute making them was null and void. Fourth. A corporate franchise was not properly subject to taxation under the State Constitution.

In deciding the case Judge Pearson held that the first, second and fourth points must be decided in the negative, but that the third point must be sustained, thus deciding the law unconstitutional. The following is the concluding paragraph of Judge Pearson's decision:

The Legislature must bear in mind that they no longer possess the unlimited power formerly exercised. It is their duty to carefully study the meaning of the Constitution and conform to its provisions. It is with regret that we feel ourselves constrained to declare that the tax in the present case cannot be collected on account of the unconstitutionality of the law, but we are far from thinking that the money is necessarily lost to the State. By a properly prepared statute taxes may be imposed to cover the time back to the period of the last payment, taking care to properly classify the subjects and rendering them uniform, without excepting any property whatever.

LESSONS FROM LITTLE THINGS.

The Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D. D., preached at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. Mr. Vincent took for his text Luke xii, 6 and 7: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?

"But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Mr. Vincent said, in part: When you go into the house of some dignified, learned, influential man, as for instance a judge, a statesman, or a scholar, and find him making a kite or rolling on the floor in a romp with his children, you often cannot help a feeling of surprise and, perhaps, of disappointment. You know that he is doing nothing but what is natural and proper, and yet you had been so accustomed to associate him with great things that you unconsciously expect always to see him as he is on the bench or in the Senate. And this shows how easy it is to fall into the mistake that greatness is degraded by interesting itself in little things. A mistake, for under correct teaching we soon learn to suspect the greatness of the man who is always in heroic moods and attitudes, who always speaks like an oracle, who can never get down to children, nor accommodate himself to ignorance. And the best and most impressive teaching on this subject we find in the Bible; for from one end of it to the other we see God busying himself with little things and details. Now he is explaining a servant's dream; now telling a steward how to provide against a famine; now caring for a little castaway babe in a floating basket. The God of the divided sea, the God of the clouded Sinai prepares a code for the children of Israel, which provides for the smallest matters of eating, drinking and cleansing. Directions concerning fringes and embroideries, blue and scarlet, the dyeing of goat-skins and badger-skins, the patterns of priests' dresses, and carved work in the temple architecture—all come from Him who lays down the great foundations of moral law. And when we get into the New Testament and God becomes manifest in the flesh the case is not difficult. Christ's life appears to us in the Gospels rather as a group of disjointed details than as the systematic development of a great moral purpose. He comes out to comfort some poor fishermen in their boats at night and fills their nets with fish. He is caressing little children, taking note of a poor widow's contribution to the temple funds, talking by a well to an outcast, illustrating different points of moral truth to a multitude on the hillside in a familiar, informal manner, feeding some hungry people, supplying wine for a merry-making, and superintending the preparation of a simple meal for some fishermen. And yet it is questionable if we see at first how far this fact reaches. It begins to open new meanings when we study the words as compared with the works of our Lord. So much stress is laid habitually upon details that we begin to see that there is something more here than an occasional condescension of Divine goodness, something which partakes rather of the nature of a principle underlying the whole range of the Divine dealings. Christ treats of living; not systematic living for the development of great plans, but rather of living by the day, doing the day's work, and letting the morrow take thought for the things of itself. Of speaking; yet out of our studied discourses and elaborate orations; rather of our words, our common affirmations and denials; the words of our ordinary speech, by which we shall be justified or condemned. He says little about the splendor and majesty of God, much about One who feeds the birds, marks the fall of the small sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads. When he speaks of our dealing with each other, it is to give us special caution against harming the little ones; to lay special stress on the things which to the world are of little or no consequence; a visit to one of the least of mankind in prison; a cup of cold water given; an injury forgiven. And when he prophesies the rewards of fidelity, he sums up the whole of human achievement in these words: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things." One class of teachers try to show that God created us as rational beings, wound up his world and set it going, allowing us to prove good or evil, according to our own desire, and that he has ceased to watch over our movements here. I hold that the text meets this assertion squarely and overcomes it—not only the text, but the whole Bible proves that we are not forgotten. Take your own personal relation to God's church and work. You say I am so little, so obscure, so weak, such a poor sinner. Why should I be of any account to God or man. Yes, and yet there is another way to put it. Come again and stand beside the dead sparrow and learn your lesson. "I am a poor sinner, and yet God loved me well enough to send Jesus Christ to die for me. As I look up I catch a glimpse of a company of men washed robes, and I know that God is going to make Heaven out of just such insignificant sinners as I am. I am a fragment and a little one in His church and kingdom; but as I have seen a workman take a fragment of a gem and polish it, and set it in a princely jewel, so I know that this fragment is in the hands of a Master Workman, and that the touch which can change the body of my humiliation into the likeness of the glorious body of my risen Lord can make out of a poor sinner like me a gem to sparkle in His crown." This, then, is the lesson which God sends us through the fallen sparrow and the slender hair. God cares for details and exalts them to the place of prime movers in His kingdom. It becomes us, therefore, to be careful henceforth of what things we call by the name of trifles. It may repay us to look more deeply into the meaning of some things which we have deemed insignificant. If we hold fast to this truth, we shall never think slightingly of the bearing of any act or word of ours. We shall set a new value on each single soul. We shall be led to a closer study of single points of effort, and in our deepest disappointments and amid the temptation to feel that we are carried, helpless and uncared for, on in the mighty sweep of time and change, we shall look at the little lifeless sparrow and say: "I will not fear. I am of more value than many sparrows. I am not forgotten of God."

SUTTON'S LEISURE HOUR MISCELLANY No. 12, is now at hand, and we feel it incumbent upon us to call the attention of the public to this great work. With each successive number, the Miscellany grows both in interest and worth, and it is really a necessity in every family. The printing, make-up, and finish is of the very best, while the subject-matter of the Miscellany is the most select. Send to the Aldine Company, 81 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

FOR THE LADIES.—We have received a specimen copy of A. Burdette Smith's Pattern Bazaar, a journal devoted entirely to the latest style, etc., of ladies' and children's dress. A Magazine of this kind is a well spring of happiness in every family and we advise our lady readers to send to Mr. Smith for a copy. Address A Burdette Smith, 914 Broadway N. Y.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—This admirable Lady's Magazine, for May, is on our table, and the contents are of a rich and varied character. Godey is the Ladie's Book of America, and it well deserves to be.

SCRIBNER'S for May, starts out with a historical sketch of the Baltimore Bonaparte's by Eugene L. Didicer; Chapters XI and XII of the "Story of Sevenoaks," takes us farther into the labyrinths of the very exciting story. Jules Verne tells of the "Mysterious Island." The various departments are full of good reading. The publishers are leaving nothing undone to make this the very best family magazine in America.

SHIP CARPENTER'S STRIKE

Chicago, April 9.—The ship carpenters of this city are on a strike for $3 per day wages, instead of $2,50, the present price. The bosses claim that business is so dull they cannot afford the advance, and the result is that work is at a stand still.

Colonel Frobel, who is now at Atlanta, will soon resume his survey of the rivers along the proposed line of the Great Western and Atlantic water-route. His report will indicate a singularly favorable water communication connecting the Mississippi River with the Atlantic Ocean, commencing at Cairo, Ill., and ending at Darien, Ga. The entire distance is nearly 1,000 miles, 900 of which are navigable rivers. Only 100 miles of artificial water-ways are therefore required, and no engineering difficulties are presented.

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We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY APRIL 29, 1875.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

——Almon—No, not now.

——The Methodist quarterly conference commences at Spring Mills on 15 of May.

——The Bellefonte Methodists intend erecting a $12,000 church.

——Mr. I. M. Seltzer has our thanks for New York dailies.

——Every one knows how to spell phthisic, by this time, but who can spell Constantinopolischedudelsachspfeifewithwhiseyesshut?

——Last Saturday was a fancy day for weather—it was as bad a spell by spells as in some spelling matches—there were dark snowstorms about every five minutes, topped off with intervening sunshine.

——Col. Victor E. Piolett, of Towanda, Pa., lecturer of the state Grange, spoke at Bellefonte, on Wednesday, 28, and speaks at Centre Hall, to day, Thursday, in the afternoon. The Col. is a fine talker, and will interest all who hear him.

——Cornelius of the Lewisburg Chronicle, never was in Philadelphia, never crossed the river and never saw a train of cars. What a virtuous young man, he'll do to found a church upon.

——Mayor Sternberg, of Bellefonte, honored us with a visit last week—he bears his honors very meekly and smokes good cigars of his own make.

——The residence of Mrs. Peter Snyder, Perry township, Clearfield county, was robbed in the latter part of March of $3,500 in bonds. She had them in a tin box in her spring house. No clue to the chief.

——Mr. Krise, the agent for Gipsons' Washer, last week did the washing for the family the editor in order to prove its merits. We were soon convinced, and pronounce it the best and easiest working washing machine we have yet seen.

——A tri-weekly stage now runs from Lewistown to Selinsgrove. This is progressing backwards, and the driver's tin horn now takes the place of the locomotive's whistle which up to within a year ago shrieked through that valley. Hard on Snyder county, that.

——Men of all sorts and callings may rely on finding in an abridged succinct form all that is most invaluable in our statistical, geological, geographical, financial and social knowledge of this vast country we inhabit, in the CENTENNIAL GAZETTEER, published by J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.—*The N. Y. World.*

——On Wednesday a verdict for $4,000 damages was obtained in Philadelphia by John Doyle and wife against Jesse Comfort, who by reason of his neglect in failing to clean the snow off his sidewalk occasioned Mrs. Doyle to fall and break her leg. Judge Biddle charged the jury that if they found from the evidence that the defendant allowed his pavement to be and remain in a dangerous condition by the accumulation of snow and ice, and that in consequence of this the accident happened he was responsible. The result of this suit ought not to be lost upon the owners of pavements in any town in the state, and those people in Centre Hall, who have boardwalks that are more "holey" than righteous had better take warning.

——We know it from actual observation that there were more happy, contented and prosperous people in the world, within the last few years than previous. This is from the fact that those people make their living easier, and live better, and with less expense. This is all owing to good and wise management, which will always bring with it the above favorable results. Now it is the people who buy their groceries at Sechler & Co's, who, especially, are classed with the prosperous and happy. They save money by so doing, and getting a finer and better quality of goods, of course they live better. We desire that this secret become known, we wish all to be happy and prosperous, hence we keep urging people to buy their groceries of Sechler & Co.

——Court was occupied Monday and Tuesday on granting licenses. The anti-license men were on hand and fought the hotels and saloons up to the hilt. The principal hotels in Bellefonte and three or four saloons were licensed. Great opposition was shown to licenses for Philipsburg, The Centre Hall, Madisonburg, Aaronsburg and Woodward hotels, were licensed. The Bellefonte church congregations held a mass meeting, on Monday and protested against granting licenses, and the women of that town were about to start on a crusade, but after consultation desisted.

——Save your money by doing your trading with Burnside & Thomas. Fish Salt, Molasses, Sugars, Spices, and all kind of Groceries for Great Bargains! Quick Sales! Small Profits! Boots and Shoes, Notions, Wood and Willow Ware, Leather, Shoe Findings, Hats and Caps, and a Thousand other articles. They offer you all the advantages of the city Markets. The country is flooded with damaged and cheap Tobaccos, Snuffs and Segars. they offer you none but pure articles. All goods are guaranteed just what they represent them to be. Butter and Eggs, and all kinds of Country Produce Taken in Exchange for Goods.

——Mrs. H. L. Dieffenbach, formerly Miss Conley, of Hamburg, died on Friday last, at Bloomsburg. Her remains were brought to this city on Saturday evening, and taken thence to Hamburg. On Monday the funeral took place from the residence of the parents of deceased, the remains being laid in Highland Cemetery.—*Lock Haven Repub.* 21st.

HOMICIDE.—We learn from the Reynoldsville Herald, of the 14th inst., that a *melee* occurred at the St. Charles Hotel in that place, on the 11th of February last, between George W. Spencer and Ignatius Bruner, resulting in the former striking the latter over the head with a poker, from the effects of which Bruner died on the 9th inst. Such was the verdict of the coroner's inquest. Spencer is still at large, but the officers are on the lookout for him.

——Pine Grove Spelling Bee, Sat. eve, May 8, for benefit of Sabbath-school.

——STORE FOR SALE.—The store of S. S. Wolf, dec'd, in Centre Hall, is offered for sale on very reasonable terms. The stand is one of the best in the valley, and offers an excellent opportunity to any parties wishing to go into business.

PETER HOFFER,
Feb 4. MRS. C. E. WOLF, Adm'rs

——Answer to enigma in last week's Reporter: Centre Hall Reporter.

ORGAN FOR SALE.—We offer for sale at a bargain a No. 46 $250 Golden Tongue Parlor Organ, manufactured by Messrs. Beatty & Plotts of Washington, N. J. who advertise in our colums. The organs manufactured by this firm are noted for their beautiful finish, rich, deep tone, and great durability, have only to be seen and heard to be appreciated. Call at this office. tf.,

Auction! Auction!

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, 1st of May, at the Store of S. S. Wolf, dec'd, his SPLENDED STOCK OF GOODS, will be offered at Auction. Come one and all, and GET BARGAINS. A reasonable credit will be given on all sum over $5,00

——James Coplin, a graduate of this office is business manager of the the Canton, Miss., Citizen. Jim is bound to rise. Success to him.

——The corner stone of the Pine Hall Lutheran Church, one and a half miles west of the State College, will be laid May 16th. All neighboring ministers as well as the community at large are cordially invited to attend.

——The Woodward mill-property was knocked off, at Sheriff's sale, last Friday, for $11,500. Samuel Eby was the purchaser.

——If you want nice, stylish, good fitting boots or shoes, go to Wm. A. Curry, on Church street, and he will accommodate you, and at the lowest prices at that.

——Wm. Welt's new goods has arrived, a large and splendid stock, the finest in the county, and embracing the latest styles of everything.

——The spelling matches have softened down two jaw-brakers—"phthisic" and "idiosyncrasy" are no longer puzzlers, every fellow in the land can master them now.

——Mr. Wilson, agent for Metropolitan Life Ins. Co. popped into our sanctum yesterday, and as he may call upon many of our readers, we recommend him to their confidence, and the company he represents as one of the highest standing.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—If all who write us in regard to subscriptions will observe the following rules they will prevent annoyance and misunderstanding by all concerned:

1. Always date your letter or postal card giving post office and State.

2. When you want the address of a paper changed, give us the name of the post-office to which the paper is sent as well as that of the one you want it changed to.

3. Always write the names of subscribers and their post office addresses so plain that they may be easily read.

4. Always seal your letter before handing it into the post office.

5. Never forget to send the cash with the order.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—The Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine is to-day the simplest, most perfect, most easy operated, best made, most durable, and in every way, most valuable sewing machine in existence, and it is sold fifteen dollars less than all other first-class machines. Machines will be delivered at any Railroad Station in this county, free of transportation charges, if ordered through the Company's Branch House at 227 and 229 Broadway, New York.

They send an elegant catalogue and chromo circular, free on application.

This Company want a few good agents.

For the Reporter.

SPLINTERS FROM SUGAR VALLEY.

From present appearances, we may expect a splendid crop of wheat in this valley.

Farmers busily engaged in turning the world up side down, they intend sowing oats and planting corn on the other side. Success to them.

Quite a conflict going on between Master Spring and Jack frost, thus far Jack has had the upper hand, but we live in bright anticipation that Mr. Spring will gain the day e're long. Be it so.

Caught him. The other night a Mr. Ink-peddler stayed all night with one of our citizens, after his departure the family was minus a shawl; suspicion at once fastened upon him, a warrant was issued, and Mr. peddler, captured in the east end of the valley, brought before justice Morris, plead guilty and at once delivered up the stolen goods saying: *Der Teifel hat mich's nehmen machen, die bosen Gedanken haben die uberhand genommen, dann habe ich es nehmen musen.*

Revs. Kindall and Bricker, Luth. ministers, have been preaching trial sermons on this charge, and the probability is the latter will be called.

The "Reporter" is a welcome visitor in some families in this valley. Success to it. Yours &c., ALMON.

From Missouri.

GRANT CITY, Mo., April 11, 1875.

EDITOR REPORTER:—It was my intention to write you before now, but there has been such a constant dearth of news that it was to risk one's reputation as a correspondent to attempt to write. I have lately been the recipient of numerous letters from my friends in the east making inquiry concerning this country, and as my time is constantly employed with business duties, I find it utterly impossible to reply to their otherwise welcome letters. Of one thing I will here remind those who write me merely for information concerning this country, and ask them to give it careful consideration. My time here is worth money, and as I am not in the land-office business, I do not feel like answering dozens of letters merely to gratify the desire of those who are anxious to "know all about the west." To such persons I would say—when you write don't forget to enclose a three cent postage stamp for a return answer. Our aristocratic government is not discriminating enough to let us western people have postage stamps for less than face—an important consideration which I presume, many of my "inquiring" friends have entirely overlooked, but which, nevertheless is true. The above has reference only to those who write me for their own gratification, and not from any friendship they have for me.

I noticed in the Reporter of April 1st, a paragraph something like this: "The snow is melting fast." That was refreshing news to me here in this section where we have been for whole days without fire, and where our farmers had been sowing oats and spring wheat for weeks previous to that date. What think you of that Potter township farmers? Sounds a little "fishy" doesn't it? Well, it is a solid "mackerel" fact, I am not much of a hand at writing flowery letters, but, like the fisherman, when it comes to cramming truth and honesty into a letter, I "bate the divil."

The past winter has been the severest known in this section for many years. The thermometer ranged from 6 to 15 and several times crawled down to 20 and 25, but remained there not more than a day at a time. These extremes of cold are very sudden being caused by the north-western winds which come sweeping down upon us from the Rocky mountains distant some six hundred miles. As a natural consequence, when heavy storms are raging on the great plains west of us, we are made to feel the effects to a greater or less extent, depending entirely upon the direction of the current. When the storms assume a due southerly direction we are not disturbed, but when they assume an easterly or rather a south-easterly course, it is then that we are most disturbed by their fury. The reason why the storms do not effect you in the east like us in the west is, you are protected by great mountain barriers and heavy forests which gradually lessen the raging elements and finally destroy their force. If we had the Alleghenies extended on the north-west from the western extremity of Lake Superior in a south-westerly direction to the southern line of Colorado, our climate would be vastly milder than the climate of southern Pennsylvania. As it is our climate in this latitude is milder than in the same latitude in Pennsylvania, the high winds excepted. For health, I decidedly prefer the climate of north-west Mo. to the climate of southern Pa. The winds are invigorating and bracing and give the check a ruddy glow, and that terrible monster—consumption—is here stripped of its terribleness. But as I have already spun out a long letter and said nothing, I will conclude, by promising to bore you again sometime in future.

Respectfully,
E. S. G.

——There was a fair audience at the spelling match on Tuesday evening. Wm. Wolf was elected chairman, and Levi Murray Sec'y. For captains Wm. B. Mingle and Capt. Beamer were elected; the exercises were opened by prayer and singing, after which the captains proceeded to draft for their orthographical armies. The words were given out by Mr. H. D. Van Pelt assisted by F. Kurtz. The first three rounds were spelled without any one being required to sit down when missing a word; on the fourth round spellers dropped from the ranks on misspelling a word. Capt. Mingle proved a pretty fair speller except when a word required a double "l" when he always proved too stingy and only appropriated one of those letters. He stood at the head of his company until his men had mostly fallen, when he also dropped off. Capt Beamer also stood the fire bravely until he had one soldier left, when he went to the hospital, and Miss Maggie Harpster stood guard alone and fought against P. J. Litzel, who was the last upon the floor. The spelling upon the whole was good, and would compare with that of any equal number anywhere. Mr. Geo. Hoffer, a hard fisted farmer astonished the audience with the manner in which he held his own in mastering hard words. The printing office boys, Derstine, Richard and Harter, also held their own finely, as did Chas. McKinney, Wm. Hazel with Dr. Guise, Misses Lingle, Murray, Hoffe, Smith, and Mr. Shoop and, A. Mingle and the balance, whose names we can not all call to mind.

Score on 1st round: Capt. Mingle's class missed five words, Capt. Beamer's three. Second round, Mingle's 1, and Beamer's 3. Fourth round Capt. Mingle, Leitzel Hoffer, Shoop and Miss Blanch Lingle stood. In this round T. H. Harter, on Mingle's side, was called down on the word "Alledge," which was correct according to Webster, as he spells it two ways, but was not known at the time and was therefore unjustly called down. Ahem! Last round Mr. Leitzel had the floor to the end, but finally went down on "seven-night"—[sen-nit].

——The "Union" district in Gregg, within the last few days, was brisk for accidents, and the saws in particular must have had their anger aroused and seemed to "gone for" the sawyers in deep earnest. To Mr. D. F. Luse we are indebted for the following items:

A week of misfortunes in the Independent district. Mr. John Ritter, while out in the woods chopping wood, cut his foot in a shocking manner; the axe entered on top of the foot, and almost severed it—the front part hanging down.....Mr. Samuel Long, while running a circular saw, slipped and his hand was caught by the saw, cutting off three fingers and thumb on his left hand.....Jacob Nees while running an up and down and a circular saw at the same time, had one of his thumbs cut off by the circular while having his eye turned to the upright.....The sawyer at Duncans mill, we are informed, also had some of his fingers taken off by a circular.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Peter Sipe, an old citizen of Decatur, residing on Jack's Creek, was killed yesterday morning under peculiarly sad circumstances. He had noticed a crane on the bank of the stream, and took down his gun with the intention of shooting it. While blowing in the muzzle of his piece, he attempted to lift the hammer with his foot, when it was instantly discharged, the load entering his mouth and blowing out his brains.—He was about 60 years of age.—*Gazette.*

A LAND CASE of more than ordinary importance we learn is to be tried in Centre co. next month, before his Honor Judge Ilwell of Columbia county. Judge Elwell's great experience and ability, especially in cases of this kind, seem to be recognized by the legal profession throughout the State, as we notice he is chosen to try many leading cases. This case is set down for May 3d. The city of Philadelphia is Plaintiff and Messrs. Smith, Rhodes & Smith are defendants. The attorneys concerned are Messrs. Blanchard, Beaver & Wilson of the Centre county bar. Judge Linn of Lycoming, Senator Wallace of Clearfield, and S. R. Peale of our bar. The question involves the location of certain lands mostly in Centre county, which were long since devised to the city of Philadelphia for the poor. As the great mineral wealth of the lands lying along the West Branch river and its tributaries is developed, the titles to lands grow in significance, and our leading lawyers are likely to have something of a harvest before these questions become finally settled. The lands in dispute in this case are believed to be very valuable as being of this kind, and the conclusion of the case will be watched with much interest.—*Ct. Democrat.*

KICKED BY A HORSE.—On Thursday evening last, the 15th instant, Alvin, the youngest son of Frank B. Stover, of Boalsburg, was kicked on the temple by a horse which he had struck with a stick just as it was entering the stable. The boy's skull was broken in three places, making a cut about two inches long. His brother picked him up unconscious and called for his mother, who carried him into the house. Drs. C. P. W. Fisher and W. A. Jacobs were called and dressed the wound. At the date of our information, the 19th inst, the boy was still unconscious, with symptoms for the better.—*Watchman.*

For the Reporter.

L. C. & S. C. RR.

And again! Another apparently fruitless meeting—the third I believe within a month—of the board of Directors of the L. C. & S. C. RR. Co. has just taken place. What does all this mean? To be sure our officers return home with, perhaps, as plausable "reasons" as the nature of the circumstances will admit of—they are produce with all sorts of excuses for the action or rather *in-action* on the part of the Penn'a. R.R. Co. They dwell long, loud and eloquently upon the "panic" of September '73, that it, for the time being, knocked things "higher than a kite, etc." This was all plausible and satisfactory enough for the "time being"—But has not this "time being extention" already "matured"—"grace" and all and ready for the "protest." Let us see—If the published report of a committee appointed to investigate the affair of the Penn'a. RR. Co. made a truthful statement of the financial condition of that Company to its shareholders in March last, their balance sheet is in a much better condition to-day than it was at the time they entered into arrangements with our citizens, to construct the L. C. & S. C. RR. The citizens have performed their part, though in many instances at the earnest persuasion of the Sheriff.—So much for that. Now gentlemen, give us something new. We have already had a surfeit of "Providential interference"—"Unexpected mishap, etc"—as reason for this most outrageous delay. If it is true—as is intimated by those not of the ring—that the friends of this project are no longer at the head of affairs in Philadelphia and in their stead have sprung up enemies, or those at least not in sympathy with the enterprise, we must admit that our officers have a pretty hard row to hoe—yet on the other hand are not those parties in honor bound to carry out in good faith the solemn obligations entered into by their predecessors, whether they are particularly in love with the project just now or not? You officers have all along persistantly represented to the people, that the gentlemen connected with the management of the Penn'a. RR. Co. are high-toned, honorable, upright business men, whose word is as good as their bond etc—and surely you ought to know by this time if countless meetings and innumerable interviews are any criterion to judge by. But upon what hypothesis can you explain why gentlemen of such exalted character should through you encourage the people of this region to subscribe their money, force payment, with all the merciless enginery of the law—expend the amount thus obtained in cutting up and damaging their property and then let them *stick?* If the Penn'a. RR. Co. is tired of the arrangement or its present managers view it as an unprofitable investment or a nuisance on the part of their predecessors—if the Company is *too poor* to make good a solemn contract, or if for any other reason whatever, they will not proceed with the work, it seems to us that high-toned, honorable, upright business men whose word is as good as their bond, etc, should at least propose to give up control of the Charter and allow our people an opportunity to look elsewhere for aid. Now a glance at the situation as it appears to the uninitiated—as per report of Prest Miller made June 9th 1874, there were sold to the Penn'a. RR. Co. one million five hundred thousand (1,500,000) dollars of the bonds of the L. C. & S. C. RR. Co, bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum, equal to a yearly payment of one hundred and five thousand dollars, [$105,000.] There was at that time an unexpended balance in the treasury of three hundred and thirty-eight thousand one hundred and fifty-three dollars and eighty-three cents (338,153.83).

Now if the work already done is not made productive—to keep down the interest and a President's salary of three thousand dollars ($3000) per year, it necessarily follows that it will be but a very short time until this unexpended balance will be absorbed in *these* alone, when this sum is exhausted and no other provision made to meet accruing interests and the President's salary, the mortgage can be foreclosed and the road sold out root, branch and generation, notwithstanding the bonds have thirty years (30) to run from this date.

If the work is only finished up at once from Laurelton to the Forks—it will give the people of three large, thickly settled, rich and productive vallies—something of an outlet at least, though by no means what they bargained for, but it will be in a great measure satisfactory for "the present" and will without doubt demonstrate practically that the investment is a good one and will pay well, and prove that the further it is extended toward final completion the better it will pay. That the road is not remunerative now, is not to be wondered at, stopping as it does in a mud-hole of almost impossible approach from any direction, at the base of a tier of mountains, with perhaps the most unproductive surroundings of any point along the whole line.

From some of the numerous bidders for the work whose bids are now before the board for consideration, it has leaked out, that good and responsible parties have offered to finish up the grading, bridging, masonry, &c., to the Forks for the sum of about one hundred thousand dollars [100,000]. At the present price of RR iron, say about fifty dollars per ton, the proportionately low prices for other material and the labor, the superstruction cannot possibly cost over eight thousand dollars [8,000] per mile, including water stations, siding, Depot buildings and everything else, ready for running, and if commenced at once the work can be finished up this coming fall in time to move to market the immense products of the three great vallies of Penns, Brush and Georges.

Now, say distance to Forks, 17 to 18 miles, will cost to grade	$100.000
Superstructure	144.000
Total cost	$244.000
Balance on hand in treasury, June 9th 1874, since which time little or no work has been done	$338,153

Leaving a balance of $ 94,153 which with the subscriptions of Harris and Ferguson townships and uncollected subscriptions from other sources, together with balance of bonds already appropriated, but not yet negotiated, will complete the road through and through from the Susquehanna to the Juniata. There is such a thing as equity, right and justice, from which even soulless corporations are not exempt and now in the name of an aggrieved people we ask that this work be finished at once or the franchise surrendered on some reasonable and just terms, or else let us know officially, without any more palaver or delay, that we, the dear confiding people have been badly "sold" and with melancholy satisfaction.

We will even PRAY &c. &c.

* * *

A RATLE-SNAKE FIGHT.

[*Santa Rosa (Cal.) Times.*]

A man living near this city was the witness of a terrible contest between two rattlesnakes one morning recently. The snakes were wrapped around each other from the tail to within six or eight inches of the head, and never for a moment did they take their eyes off each other. Now and then they would slowly unwind to within one or two coils of the tail, when, with an instantaneous movement, they would again become involved to the neck, and, with jaws distended and fangs exposed, one would strike at the other, his antagonist invariably dodging at the blow, when in turn he would be foiled. After repeating their manœuvres for a time they would lie panting in each other's coils and then slowly and cautiously unwind, only to repeat the involvement and striking again. So fiercely did they embrace each other that one would think surely the life would be crushed out. Blow after blow was struck on both sides, but never once was an adversary so far caught off his guard as to receive a blow. They had been fighting over a space of fifteen or twenty feet, as evinced by their tracks in the dust. To all appearances they had been fighting all night, every inch of ground bearing the marks of the conflict. After looking at them for some time, the man cut a pole some eight or ten feet and just then another man came along. He took the pole, and approaching the snakes, they simultaneously discovered him, when, loosening their hold of each other with marvellous rapidity, the larger one rushed at him, perfectly furious; it required the second blow to stop him. In a moment after, the other started after the other witness of the fight as his now dead antagonist had done, when he, too, was slain by a well-directed blow. One had six and the other fifteen rattles.

A QUADRUPLE TRAGEDY.

Terrible Work of A Crazy Lover.

New York, April 23.—A letter to the Sun from Cuba, New York, gives details of a terrible quadruple tragedy in that region. For some months a young Irishman named James Lafferty, living in Rockville, Allegheny county, has tried to induce the daughter of a farmer, George Vannay, living a few mile from Rockville, to marry him. He was formerly in the employ of the farmer. The young girl repeatedly repulsed him. On Wednesday afternoon he went to Vannay's and entered the sitting room, where the young woman was at work. He renewed his proposal of marriage and was again refused. He took a newspaper from his pocket, and pointing to an article headed "Murdered for Love," told her to read it. She took the paper, and, as she was looking at it, Lafferty drew a revolver and fired. The ball entered the girl's cheek and loged in the opposite side of her head. She started, screaming, towards the kitchen, when her mother came running into the room. Lafferty shot the mother, the ball entering near the right temple and loged behind the ear. Both mother and daughter fell, and Lafferty ran from the house. Mr. Vanney, who was in the barn, reached the house just as Lafferty came out, with his pistol still in his hand. Vannay exclaimed, "What in the name of God is the matter?" and ran toward Lafferty. The latter fired at Vannay but missed him. He then placed the pistol to his own head and fired two shots, blowing the whole side of his head off and killing himself almost instantly. Vannay found his wife and daughter lying on the floor in pools of blood. He supposed they were dead, but they both spoke to him. He prepared to start for a doctor. As he was running to the barn to saddle a horse Constable Gannon, of Rockville, came riding up, and hailing Vannay, asked if he had seen anything of Jim Lafferty, and went on to say that old Mrs. Lafferty, his grandmother, had been found murdered in her house at Rockville, a sum of money she had in the house was gone, and it was supposed she had been killed by her grandson, who had been lurking around her house on Saturday. Vannay related the tragedy that had occurred at his house, and the officer rode on to summon a physician and give the alarm. Dr. Young, of Cuba, attended and extracted the ball from Mrs. Vannay's wound, but could not reach the one which had penetrated the daughter's head Both of the victims are in a critical condition, but the doctor thinks they may recover. Dr. Young is also Coroner, and he took charge of the body of the murderer and had it interred in a field near the scene of the tragedy. Old Mrs. Lafferty was found on Tuesday. There had been no stir about the house since Saturday, and it was visited by some neighbors, who supposed the old lady was sick. The door was not locked, and Mrs. Lafferty lay across the bed. Evidences of a struggle were visible in the room and her clothes were badly torn. Her face was black and blue, and around her neck were dark blue marks, as though made by the fingers of the person with whom she had been struggling. An examination showed that death resulted from strangulation. The old lady had about one hundred dollars that the had laid by to pay her funeral expenses. The box in which she kept it was broken open and the money gone. There is no doubt in the neighborhood that she was murdered and robbed by her grandson.

HOW COAL IS FORMED.

The old theory of the foundation of coal is that it was formed from vegetation. These forms of vegetation grew on vast fresh water bogs and marshes, and on low hills in and around those marshes. In course of centuries the fallen foliage, trunks and branches accumulated beneath them to a great depth. By a subsidence of the land the water prevailed over all the region in which this vegetation grew, and sands, clays and gravels were deposited upon it, and thus it was covered and preserved.

Again the land appeared, and vegetation covered its surface as before, and in process of time materials accumulated for another coal-bed. Again the lands were submerged, and thus submergence and emergence, each of long continuance, succeeded each other as many times as there are coal beds in any region.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post says that this theory is all wrong, and that coal is from the gas produced by the decomposition of the sedimentary lime rock.

The oxygen and hydrogen composing water uniting with the carbon of the limestone give the component parts of petroleum (hydro carbon,) bitumen, asphaltum and coal. These gasses, filtering up through the different kinds of sandstone, more or less spongy under various pressures leave a residuum of carbon and hydrogen behind, united, in the shales directly under the sand rock, in the various proportions to form the substances named above.

In proof of his theory he goes on to say:

The Onondago salt group of rocks is now in an active state of decomposition. The water, with the chlorine of soda set free, united passes off salt water or brine at Syracuse, where, by evaporation, the chlorine of sodium or common salt is obtained. Carbonic acid gass and carburetted hydrogen gas or natural burning gas set free, pass upwards. Sulphur, oxygen and hydrogen set free form the sources of the sulphuric acid springs of the region of this group. The soda, magnesia, sulphur, lime, hydrogen, oxygen, etc., form the sources of Saratoga, Clifton and Avon springs. The decayed and decomposing limestone, freed of nearly all its parts except sulphur and lime, forms the extensive gypsum or plaster beds (sulphate of lime) of that region. The gypsum beds extend in the form of a haystack into the solid strata of limestone like the decay in an apple. The harder layers of stone, being slow to decompose, extend like shelves into and often through the plaster beds. The gypsum undergoing still further decay is washed away by the action of water, leaving the extensive caves of the lime rocks—the Mammoth cave of Kentucky, and Howe's cave of New York, being noted examples.

The carburetted hydrogen and the carbonic acid gases being lighter than water pass up through the crevices and seams in the rocks, filtering through the sand strata leave a residuum behind—the oil found under the spongy sand rocks of the Hamilton group being higher proof or purer carbon, as the rocks are deeper and thicker, the lower sand oil being light, the upper heavy, or lubricating oil, the lubricating oils being from the shallow wells and thinner sands.

At the oil wells salt water and carburetted hydrogen accompany the oil. The old salt wells of Virginia were often ruined from the flow of petroleum into them. In short, coal comes from the decomposition of the sedementary rocks, being first gas, next oil, and finally, with the earthly matter of the shale, coal,—being anthricite or bituminous according to the proportion of carbon as compared with the hydrogen contained.

THE READING RAILROAD INVESTIGATION.

The special committee of the Pennsylvania legislature, appointed under a joint resolution of both houses, providing for an investigation of the affairs of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad company and the Philadelphia and Reading coal and iron company, met at the Girard house Philadelphia.

The complaint against the Reading company is that, in violation of their charter, they are carrying on coal operations through the agency of the Philadelphia and Reading coal company, all of whose stock is owned by them. This, it is claimed, is a direct violation of the new constitution, which says: "No incorporated company doing the business of a common carrier shall directly or indirectly prosecute or engage in mining or manufacturing articles for transportation over its work." The purposes of the resolution are to ascertain whether the charges mentioned are true.

The proceedings were opened with closed doors. All the members of the committee were present, Chairman Maclay presiding.

CLEARFIELD COAL REGION.

Osceola, April 23.—Beaver mine and Philadelphia mine, worked by the Kittanning coal company, started this morning with a small force.

It is thought now that the greater part of the striking miners will go to work soon.

Something will be done soon one way or the other, as the operators are determined to put men in the mines without much parley. A great many who want to go to work are not allowed to do so. The general opinion is that all will be working with full force in a few days, but it is not known for certain, as not much can be found out on account of the proceedings of the miners' meetings being kept so very quiet.

THE MINERS' STRIKE.

Raid by the Strikers—one of the Raiders Killed.

Hazleton, Pa., April 23.—The raid of Wednesday night was followed by another last night, resulting in the death of one man and the narrow escape of another. The raid of last night occurred at the house of James Morrison, some two or three miles beyond the scene of Wednesday night's disturbance. Jasper Ely, whose place was attacked the previous night, together with his brother-in-law, F. Landerburn, were stopping at Morrison's over night. On the arrival of the mob Ely escaped by climbing a tree. Lauderburn was badly beaten by the crowd and received a flesh wound in the head from a musket-ball. He fired two pistol-shots during the melee, and evidently killed one of the miners, as one of their number was discovered by the crowd at the head of the stairs in a dying condition. This discovery distracted the attention of the mob, and while they were disposing of their comrade, who by this time was dead, Lauderburn made his escape. Mr. Landerburn was one of those merchants doing business in Hazleton who refused to assist the Sheriff when the latter needed assistance. He had also been supplying the miners with muskets for a year or two past and his experience of last night among his shooter friends had so disgusted him as to lead him to make a personal request to General Osborne that the troops should not only not be withdrawn, but that the outposts may be extended and strengthened. A party who started to follow the mob after they had finished their work at Morrison's, discovered the body of the dead miner, which had been carried off and secreted under a pile of leaves. The keen scent of a dog betrayed the spot and led to the identification of the body. The dead man was recognized as one of the leaders in the attack on Ely's house on Wednesday night.

The Strike to Continue.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., April 23.—A vote was taken by the miners at Hillman's mines yesterday, which resulted in a majority against going to work. A motion was then carried that any miner now on strike who shall work at any other mine under the reduction shall forfeit all the rights and benefits of the association.

* * *

THE CLEARFIELD MINES IN OPERATION.

Osceola, Clearfield county, Pa., April 21.—The mines in this region are all working, with reduced force, under the protection of special police, at the old rate, viz: 50 cents per ton. Many miners are leaving for other parts to seek employment.

* * *

THE CUBAN REBELLION.

Havana, April 23.—An unofficial report is in circulation that a severe fight has taken place at Las Cruces, on the Cienfuegos Railway, the head quarters of Captain General Valmaseda; that seventy rebels were killed and their entire force routed.

* * *

BELLEFONET MARKETS.

White Wheat $1.00 Red 100....Rye 90 .....Corn 60 ....Oats 55.....Barley 90 70. ...Clo'ersed 5.00 .....Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buckwheat 65 cts, ...Flour per barrel retail 7.00... Nova Scotia plaster $14 to 15. Cayuga plaster $9.50 per 200 lbs.

Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce that George Heffer of Potter, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the usages of the democratic party.

* * *

MARRIAGES.

In Lock Haven, at the residence of the bride's parents, on the 21st of April 1875 by Rev U. F. Swengle, Mr. J. O. W. Love of Centre Hill, Centre Co., to Miss Cora A. Lent.

In Loganville on 18th inst, by Rev. A. Longedoff, Mr. Wm. Nicolas to Miss Carstetter, both of Tylersville.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

E. PERKS & SON, Prop'rs.

This well known hotel, situate in the business portion of the town, has been thoroughly renovated, repainted and furnished new. It will be the aim of the proprietors to make it a pleasant Home for those who may favor them with their patronage. A free carriage is run to the depot, and the best stables in town are connected with the House. 29apr.

CAUTION.—A three year old bay colt, in possession of Mrs. N. C. Spierly, of Snowshoe, is the property of the undersigned, and all persons are cautioned against meddling with the same.

J. G. SANKEY,
Apr 29, 2t. Centre Hall.

POWERS'
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
Opposite Bush House,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Powers' Boot & Shoe Store is the largest and best stocked establishment in Centre County.

He keeps constantly on hand a full line of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

He is just opening the largest stock of Spring Goods ever brought to Bellefonte

FINE SHOES

for ladies, kept constantly on hand.

Boots and Shoes for men and women, of all styles, quality and prices, from the most costly to the cheapest, constantly kept on hand.

WE DEFY COMPETITION!

either in quality or prices. Call and examine his new stock of Spring and Summer Goods, and you will find it to your advantage. Apr21ly.

BUY YOUR DRUGS FROM
RANKIN'S
Drug Store,
(NEXT DOOR TO THE DESCHNER GUN STORE.)
FRESH AND CHEAP.
Apr. 22.

AGENTS WANTED for the CENTENNIAL GAZETTEER OF THE UNITED STATES.

A book for every American. Sells everywhere at sight. Farmers, Teachers, Students, Lawyers, Merchants, School Directors, Manufacturers, Mechanics, Shippers, Salesmen, men of learning, and men who can only read, old and young, all want it for everyday reference and use. Shows the grand results of the

First 100 Years OF THE Republic.

Everybody buys it, and Agents make from $100 to $200 a month. Send for circular. Address, J. C. McCURDY & CO., Publishers,

Philadelphia, Pa.; Cincinnati, Ohio.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

Apr 29, 6t.

B. O. DEININGER. A. C. MUSSER.

Established, 1843.

MILLHEIM

MARBLE WORKS

BY

DEININGER & MUSSER.

The old, reliable place, where

Monuments,
Couches,
Headstones,
and other marble

work is made, in the very best style, and upon reasonable terms.

☞*Thankful for past favors, we respectively solicit the patronage of the public.*

Shops, East of Bridge, Millheim, Pa.
Apr. 8. y.

APPLICATION FOR LICENSE Notice is hereby given that the following persons have filed their applications for license, and their petition will be presented at the next term of Court:

W H Wilkinson & Co....Bellefonte...Hotel
James Haywood.....Philipsburg.....Tavern
D Johnson & Sons .....Bellefonte.....Hotel
John Spangler..... Potter.....Hotel
George W. Hasson .....Worth .....Tavern
Daniel Garman....Bellefonte..... "
Jonathan A. Kreamer.....Penn.....Tavern
Gottlieb Haag.....Spring... "
Henry Robb..... Walker "
A. Baum.....Bellefonte..... Liquor Store
Jas. Passmore .....Philipsburg...Tavern

AARON WILLIAMS,
20 11 3t. Prothonotary

THE ADJUSTABLE

SPRING BED,

The Best an I Cheapest now in Use. Manufactured by

DANIEL DERR, Bellefonte, Penn'a.

☞*Call and see them before purchasing my other.*☜ lapr.y

JOHN CAMP'S

Furniture Rooms,

MILROY, MIFFLIN CO., PA.

Extension Tables,
Chamber Suits,
Fine & Common Furniture,

Consisting in part of BUREAUS, BEDSTEADS, CAIN and WOOD SEAT CHAIRS.

The public generally are invited to call and see the fine assortment of FURNITURE to be found at the above establishment, all of our own Manufacture.

Undertaking in all its branches,

Coffins, Caskets and Shrouds.

Having purchased an elegant Hearse, I will attend all orders of undertaking. I may receive from Pennsvalley, Centre Co. Pa. JOHN CAMP.
Jan 28 tf.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Keystone bank. may14'74

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS AND

Panic Prices.

H. A. LARRIMER.

at the old Centre Hill stand.
Just opening a Stock of

NEW GOODS,

OLD FASHIONED PRICES!

A large variety of Ladies Dress Goods
Great Bargains in Muslins and Calicoes.
Ready-made Clothing Warranted to Suit.
His Cloths and Cassimers, Cant be excelled

His Grocery Department,

Astonishes every one in assortment and low prices.
Syrup, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Canned fruits, Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Cheese, and every other article belonging to the Grocery Department

☞Far

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Live Stock.

When hurried with work, don't f get the stock. For lice apply linseed oil and the curry-comb or card.

Horses should be worked moderately at first. If the shoulders are inclined to chafe, bathe them with salt and water, wash off the salt, rub dry and apply crude petroleum. This is a healing application for galls or bruises. Wash the feet and legs when muddy, and wipe dry. Give some bran or oatmeal in their drink. Give cut feed at noon, and long hay at night. Clean them thoroughly at night. This is important to their proper rest.

The treatment of cows must depend on circumstances. A cow in full flow may profitably get all the food she can turn into milk. When she is turned out to grass the feed of meal should not be cut off. She will take three or four quarts or more of mixed meal and bran in a day without getting fat, if she is the right sort of cow, and pay for it in milk with a good profit. If she is not the right sort, it will be best to get rid of her. Dairying is now the most profitable business of the farm, and where there are cheese factories or creameries, the women of the household are relieved from much severe labor. Calves should be kept growing from the first. When two weeks old they will learn to eat a little cut hay with bran and oatmeal or oilmeal mixed.

Damp yards and moist pastures are fatal to sheep. Dry clean yards and upland pastures are needed. Steaming manure about the pens is injurious. Ewes that are suckling lambs should be fed a pint of meal, grain, or bran daily. The lambs will be the gainers. Fresh water and salt should be provided every day.

Nothing comes amiss to pigs at this season. Fine-cut clover hay or well cured cornstalks wetted and sprinkled with meal, will be eaten readily. Roots of all kinds, brewer's grains, and bran with milk will make pork. But there is much in the breed. Choose a pure breed, whether it be Berkshire, Essex, Suffolk, or the Poland-China, and now is a good time to procure a pair to commence with. But purity of breed will not serve as a substitute for food and care. Pure bred swine will make more pork from the same food than any other, and all their progeny will be of the same character; that is, all there is in "pure blood."—*Agriculturist.*

From a Farmer's Note-Book.

For orchard grass sow with oats, or other spring grain crop, full two bushels of seed to acre; must be thick or will grow in tufts; makes good hay, and, for pasture, grows faster than any grass.

Cayenne pepper, mixed in the cooked food of fowls, will make them lay many more eggs than if not so fed. Make a pudding daily, winter and summer, of Indian meal or meal and bran, and season it strong with pepper, and it will pay well.

Sow for Hungarian grass last week in May; half bushel to acre; cut before seed ripens, to prevent injurious effects on stock. It draws heavily on the fertility of the soil, and should be sown only when a deficiency of other hay is likely to occur.

The best variety of grapes for general cultivation is the Concord; but for some parts of Central New York and some parts of the New England States, the Hartford Prolific may ripen better, it being a week earlier than the Concord, but not as good a grape.

When potatoes are planted in the garden or field near the house, if a few peas are dropped into every other hill and every alternate row, a good crop of green peas may be secured for the family table, the vines being supported by the potato vines. Marrowpots or other thrifty growing varieties are best. The potato crop is not lessened thereby.

A Good Crop of Wheat.

A letter from C. Becker, of Bloomville, Delaware county, N. Y., was read before the Farmers' Club as follows:

"I mowed a piece of clover and timothy the 1st of July, plowed an acre and thirty-one rods the 1st of August, turned the sod all even and nicely, the soil being a gravelly loam on table land, or on what we term the upper flats, on the Delaware river, seven miles above Delhi, the county seat. After it had been plowed seven days, went over the piece with a harrow once a week till the 1st of September. I then put on the cultivator once, even when I considered the surface sufficiently pulverized for a good seed-bed. I then sowed on the piece two bushels, less four quarts, of white wheat, then put on the cultivator once over, then went once over with the harrow. I then slacked a barrel of lime and mixed with three barrels of ashes, and sowed evenly over the piece and put the harrow once over again. The weather proved favorable for a fall growth. It showed a very fine top, wintered well, grew finely in the spring, stood remarkably even on the ground, and ripened the 1st of July. I cut it before it was dead ripe, got it in in good order, thrashed it the 1st of September, and measured forty-five bushels from the machine, and received at the Delaware County Winter Fair the first premium for the largest quantity raised from an acre, and the first premium for the best quality of wheat. Having seen an account in the proceedings of the Farmers' Club recommending the same process, last fall, for cultivating and preparing ground for wheat, I feel willing to give my experience in raising an acre and thirty-one rods, hoping it will be a benefit and encouragement to others to make a trial. I intend to try the same plan or process in preparing and raising a larger piece next season, feeling well satisfied that there is a large area of land along the Delaware well adapted to the raising of winter wheat, and that a large amount of money, which is now paid out for Western flour, might be saved and appropriated to other necessary purposes."

Mr. S. E. Todd said that Mr. Becker had produced a fair yield of wheat, but that farmers in the northern part of New York State frequently raise forty-five bushels to the acre without extraordinary preparation of the soil.

Location of a Home.

It is a matter of surprise that so few people who purchase a house carefully regard its sanitary conditions. The laws of health, so outraged by builders, are too generally acquiesced in by the unthinking purchaser. Shady north slopes, damp marshes, and the neighborhood of stagnant swamps, are too often chosen for the home in which to rear a family. No human being can breathe with impunity the exhalations from damp cellars and reeking pools of stagnant meadows. Sunshine, pure air and perfect drainage are conditions of health which cannot be ignored. We have seen the fever line drawn between localities adjoining with a precision too marked to be mistaken. Elevated, sunny south slopes, where air and sunlight are copiously diffused, are never visited by epidemics; so of dry and well drained bottom lands.

A Sad Warning.

A terrible suicide occurred in Fishkill village, N. Y. John Erwin, a lad eighteen years of age, a clerk in Hoyt's store, was detected stealing five dollars' worth of dry goods. His parents reside in Newburgh, and were sent for, when Mr. Hoyt settled the matter with the father for fifty dollars, and then search was made for the boy. He was found in an out-house, dead, having taken either morphine or arsenic. Letters found on him and in his trunk revealed the fact that for some time he had been the victim of a blackmailer in Lowell, Mass., who kept demanding money and goods from him at intervals, as a price for hushing up something young Erwin had done, but what it was does not transpire. The blackmailer seemed to have been ready to take either dry goods or money.

Bret Harte once worked for his board up in one of the Sierra valleys, but the old fellow he lived with thinks he hardly paid his way. "Do you see that fence?" said the old man to a party of visitors lately, pointing to a stump-and-brush affair around his garden. "Well, Bret staid with me two year, an' 'bout all he done was to help me build that."

THE "RAGGED EDGE" LETTER.

Henry Ward Beecher's Explanation of His Notable Letter of Feb. 5, 1872.

No little anxiety has been felt among Henry Ward Beecher's friends, relative to his explanation of what is known as the "ragged edge" letter, of Feb. 5, 1872. When on the witness stand and questioned about this letter Mr. Beecher began his task by narrating circumstances which occurring on Saturday had reduced him to a state of extraordinary but not unusual depression, for it seems, according to his testimony, that the enthusiasm which accompanies Sunday's work is always followed by a reaction on Monday, and that his spirits on that day are always low and his moods despondent. But on this occasion he was still more depressed from the fact that on the previous Saturday he had been reproached by Mr. Moulton "in a tone that was very cutting" for failure to pay regard for Mr. Tilton's interests as he had promised, for not fulfilling the understanding and the common agreement to aid Mr. Tilton. In the depressed mood which followed two days later, Mr. Beecher wrote this long letter, which he described "as an exhibit of what he had done during the past year for Theodore."

Mr. Evarts read this letter to Mr. Beecher, paragraph by paragraph, as follows:

God knows that I have put more thought and judgment and earnest desire into my efforts to prepare a way for T. and E. than ever I did for myself a hundred fold. As to the outside public, I have never lost an opportunity to soften prejudices or refute falsehoods, and to excite kindly feeling among all whom I met. I am thrown among clergymen, public men, and generally the makers of public opinion, and I have used every rational endeavor to restrain the evils which have been visited upon T., and with increasing success.

Q. Now what facts in your own conduct or effort does that clause refer to? A. It refers to the prolonged endeavor which I had made everywhere to say that the stories that Mr. Bowen had bruited, and that I had given currency to—that I believed them to be false; that I believed Mr. Tilton to be an honest and a thoroughly chaste and temperate man; that I believed him to be neither a lecher nor a drunkard; that I believed him to be in many things weak, I often said; that I thought that—but everywhere I attempted to do that which I had undertaken to do, reinstate him as he was when he sat a brilliant man at the head of the *Independent*.

But the roots of this prejudice are long. The catastrophe which precipitated him from his place only disclosed feelings that had existed long. Neither he nor you can be aware of the feelings of classes in society, on other grounds than late rumors. I mention this to explain why I know with absolute certainty, that no mere statement, letter, testimony, or affirmation will reach the root of affairs and reinstate them. Time and work will. But chronic evil is chronic disease. If destruction would place him all right, that shall not stand in the way. I am willing to step down and out. No one can offer more than that. That I do offer. Sacrifice me without hesitation if you can clearly see your way to his safety and happiness thereby. I do not think that anything would be gained by it. I should be destroyed, but he would not be saved. E. and the children would have their future cloud d.

Q. Now, sir, what did you refer to in regard to any step or conduct of your own in these clauses of your letter? A. I undertook to clear him from every imputation that affected his character, except those which belonged to his later associations with socialistic ideas and with the Woodhulls. It was a common ground between us that Elizabeth and the domestic troubles were to be shielded in silence. I could not undertake to do some things without bringing up the whole matter in such a way that that would be disclosed. I could not undertake to clear his character in regard to his sentiments on socialistic questions; that I could not do. But if, in regard to the other, if in regard to his household, in regard to Elizabeth and the children—if he wished that, on my part, to be dragged forward, to be made a subject of investigation, now or then was, and was through the whole of the years, that that could never come into the church without destroying that church, and I would "step down and out" before anything should ever destroy Plymouth Church. I had an exaggerated idea, but it was a real idea that anything of that kind—I would suffer anything, but that church should stand. And then, as for him and her and the children—this is not exactly the language of a literal and logical statement, but it is language, as when Paul said: "I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brother's sake!"—as David for Absalom: "Would to God I had died for thee!" If my going out of the church and out of the ministry, and so, the destruction of my professional life, would restore things as they had been before, I had the feeling when I wrote this letter that I would give them up willingly to put things back where they were.

In one point of view I could desire the sacrifice on my part. Nothing can possibly be so bad as the horror of great darkness in which I spend much of my time. I look upon death as sweeter faced than any friend I have in the world. Life would be pleasant if I could see that rebuilt which is shattered. But to live on the sharp and ragged edge of anxiety, remorse, fear, despair, and yet to put on all appearance of serenity and happiness, cannot be endured much longer.

Nothing can possibly be so bad as the horror of great darkness in which I spend much of my time.

Q. Was that clause an expression of your views, your feelings, in view of the situation as you have narrated it? A. Yes, sir. Feeble words! If there had been any stronger in the English language I would have put them in.

Q. What horror of great darkness did you spend much of your time in? A. I don't know; I cannot define it, nor describe it. I only know that I am subject to very profound darkness by times, and reactions; just as, at the other extreme, I am subject to very great exaltations. Mr. Evarts, I did not do right when I said most of my time. [With great emotion.] I lived very near to God then, and the most of my time I had peace. Most of my time I was above it; but there were days in which midnight came at midday, and a horror of darkness.

A Word to Workingmen.

The New York *Commercial Bulletin* says that one of the greatest troubles trade unions have to contend against is the parasites that gain influence and position in them, and then use the influence in their own favor and against the best interests of the workingmen. It cites an instance where the president of a union was also an official in the Grangers, which position he had obtained upon the direct or implied understanding that he should use his other position to enable the farmers to get as good prices as possible for their produce from its members, while his duties to the union required him to use all his efforts to obtain this produce at the lowest possible rates. It is by no means an exceptional case, the paper says. It is usually those who have nothing to lose who get up organizations of this kind in the first place and control them afterwards, and the only wonder is that workingmen generally have not opened their eyes to the fact long ere this.

A Noted Lion.

The lion "Jim," which has just expired at an eastern managerie, had a history of its own. He was captured when two years old, and, with one or two exceptions, was the largest lion in captivity. He was twenty-eight years of age, and had resisted every effort to tame him, being at the time of his death almost as wild as when first captured. At one time breaking loose, he attacked an elephant, and the elephant threw him down, breaking two of his ribs. During his career the lion killed one man and thirteen animals, besides seriously injuring a number of his keepers.

Keep Away.

The son of a subscriber of a New York paper receives the following in reply to a letter asking what chance there was for him to get work in the city: If you are wise you will not think of coming to New York at this time to work at your trade. Many thousands of persons as competent as yourself to earn a living are now out of employment, and either subsisting on the earnings of more prosperous years or almost at the verge of starvation.

A New Story of the Creation.

Mr. George Smith has written a letter to the London *Telegraph* concerning his efforts to read the cuneiform tablets which were procured by him in Assyria and deposited in the British Museum. These tablets contain the Chaldaic account of the creation and fall of man, and thus, at this comparatively late day of the world, their report comes to strengthen or weaken the Mosaic history, as recorded in the Bible, of the same great events. Mr. Smith, after giving an account of the discovery of the tablets, says that when complete they must have numbered nine or ten, and that the history as recorded on them of what occurred "in the beginning" was much longer and fuller than the corresponding report in the book of Genesis. He continues as follows:

The narrative on the Assyrian tablets commences with a description of the period before the world was created. The desolate and empty state of the universe and the generation by chaos of monsters are vividly given. The chaos is presided over by a female power named Tisalat and Tiamat, corresponding to the Thalatth of Berosus; but as it proceeds the Assyrian account agrees rather with the Bible than with the short account from Berosus. We are told, in the inscriptions, of the fall of the celestial being who appears to correspond to Satan. In his ambition he raises his hand against the sanctuary of the God of heaven, and the description of him is really magnificent. He is represented riding in a chariot, through celestial space, surrounded by the storms, with the lightning playing before him, and wielding a thunderbolt as a weapon.

This rebellion leads to a war in heaven, and the conquest of the powers of evil, the gods in due course creating the universe in stages, as in the Mosaic narrative, surveying each step of the work and pronouncing it good. The divine work culminates in the creation of man, who is made upright and free from evil, and endowed by the gods with the noble faculty of speech.

The Deity then delivers a long address to the newly created being, instructing him in all his duties and privileges, and pointing out the glory of his state. But this condition of blessing does not last long before man, yielding to temptation, falls; and the Deity then pronounces upon him a terrible curse, invoking on his head all the evils which have since afflicted humanity. These latest details are upon the fragment which I excavated during my first journey to Assyria.

I have at present recovered no more of the story and am not yet in a position to give the full translation and details, but I hope during the spring to find time to search over the collection of smaller fragments of tablets and to light upon any smaller parts of the legends which may have escaped me. When my investigations are completed I will publish a full account and translation of the Genesis legends, all of which I now have been fortunate enough to find, some in the old museum collection, others by excavations in Assyria.

A Marvelous Snake Fight.

The Santa Rosa (California) *Democrat* tells this story:

Last August, as Mr. Woodbridge, who lives just above Cloverdale, formerly of Petaluma, was going to his work in the early morning, he saw a strange sight, something which he could hardly believe true—whirling, writhing and turning on the ground. On a nearer approach what was his astonishment to discover two immense rattlesnakes engaged in a deadly strife. They were wrapped around each other from the tail to within six or eight inches of the head, and never for a moment did they take their eyes off each other. Now and then they would slowly unwind to within one or two coils of the tail, when, with an instantaneous movement, they would again become involved to the neck, and with jaws distended and fangs exposed, one would strike at the other, his antagonist invariably dodging at the blow, when in turn he would be foiled. After repeating their maneuvers for a time they would lie panting in each other's coils, and then slowly and cautiously unwind, only to repeat the involvement and striking again. So fiercely did they embrace each other that one would think surely the life would be crushed out. Strike after strike was made on both sides, but never once was an adversary so far caught off his guard as to receive a blow. They had been fighting over a space of fifteen or twenty feet, as evinced by their tracks in the dust. To all appearances they had been fighting all night, every inch of ground bearing marks of the conflict. After looking at them for some time, Mr. Woodridge cut a pole some eight or ten feet long, and just then a Mr. Murphy came up. He took the pole and approaching the snakes, they simultaneously discovered him, when, loosening their hold of each other with marvelous rapidity, the larger one rushed at him, perfectly furious; it required the second blow to stop him. In a moment after the other started after Mr. Murphy, as his now dead antagonist had done, when he, too, was slain by a well-directed blow. One had sixteen and the other fifteen rattles.

Those Wicked Rats.

Having read that coal tar would drive away rats from a dwelling, I would like to give a chapter from my experience with it.

Some years since, after an epidemic which killed all our cats, our house became infested with an army of rats. They gnawed holes in nearly every room, made havoc generally, and scampered about day and night, till we were nearly ready to "burn up the house and run away by the light of it."

Just then we read an article on the many virtues of coal tar, in which the writer, a noted college professor, told the same story. "Put tar in the holes; they would be disgusted and leave *en masse*." We supposed it must be true, so we sent twenty miles for coal tar. Foolishly I had spent the day it came in giving my pantry an extra cleaning.

At night my husband made a swab and applied the tar to all the holes. We retired, thinking what a blessing that somebody was wise enough to tell us just what to do to get rid of such a nuisance. But in the morning—oh, horrors, such a pantry! I should have supposed every rat in the neighborhood had waded through the filthy stuff and danced a jig on my clean shelves and floor. In every room to which they had access were their black tracks visible. From the back kitchen to the front door the house was filled with the abominable odor. It took weeks to clean the last of those tracks and a month to rid the house of the detestable perfume. Words fail to describe the horrors of that extremity—I can think of only one thing worse—a visitation of smallpox. And, to cap the climax, not a rat left the house! They seemed to stick the closer. Depend upon it, the only sure cure for rats is a good cat with a family of smart kittens.

The Emperor of Brazil.

His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Dom Pedro II. of Brazil, who, according to a French report, is about to abdicate his throne and to take up his residence among the people of the United States, is in the fiftieth year of his age. He was born on the 2d of December in the year 1825. He is the son of Dom Pedro I., and commenced to rule, under a regency, on the 7th of April, 1831, and to govern personally on the 23d of July in the year 1840. He was crowned on the 18th of July, 1841, and married 4th of September, 1843, to Princess Therese Cristine, daughter of Francis I., King of Sicily. The Emperor's daughter, Countess d'Eu, in whose favor it is said he will abdicate, was married on the 15th of October, 1864, to Prince Louis Philippe Maree Ferdinand Gaston, grandson of the late King Louis Philippe, of France. The Emperor of Brazil has been, it is alleged, vastly disquieted in mind of late years, by reason of the conflict which had arisen in his dominion between State authorities, a party in Parliament, and hierarchy and clergy of the Catholic Church.

What holds all the snuff in the world? No one nose.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

The British House of Commons, by a vote of 152 to 147, refused to order to a second reading a bill to enable unmarried women to vote at Parliamentary elections. Mr. Disraeli voted with the minority.....At the Rhode Island election there was no choice for Governor or Lieutenant-Governor by the people. All the other Republican candidates were elected.....The steamer Paragon was destroyed by fire at her wharf in St. Louis. Loss on vessel and cargo over $150,000.....The notorious counterfeiter, Peter McCartney, who was recently arrested at Dallas, Texas, has again escaped from custody.....Two new suits have been begun against Wm. M. Tweed—one to recover $6,000,000, and the other for his arrest in case he should be liberated from his present imprisonment.....Navigation on the Connecticut river opened later this year than it has for twenty years.....Six victims of the Delano boiler explosion at Syracuse, N. Y., have died.....Levi T. Miller, employed in a saw-mill at Middleport, Pa., was caught in the fly-wheel and crushed to death....A corner in wheat at Chicago run the market up considerably.....One of the newly appointed cardinals is in prison in Germany. This is the third case in the history of the Roman Church where an imprisoned prelate has been made cardinal.

Several professors of the university of Madrid have been arrested in pursuance of the government policy to punish all professors who protest against the recent educational laws.....Herr Sigl, editor of the ultramontane *Vaterland* of Munich, who was recently sentenced to imprisonment for publishing an article insulting to Prince Bismarck, has been arrested by the Austrian authorities on the application of the German government.....Attachments have been made under new suits against the property of Wm. M. Tweed in New York.....Gen. Campos entered Ripoll, Spain, after a fight, in which he lost forty killed and wounded. The loss of the Carlists is not known.....Full returns of the State election in Rhode Island give the following vote: For Governor, Hazard, Independent Republican, 8,717; Lippitt, Regular Republican, 8,341; Cutler, Democrat, 5,169. For Lieutenant-Governor, Day, Independent Republican, 9,135; Sciscon, Regular Republican, 7,942; Pierce, Democrat, 5,121.....The flour, grain and commission house of Howard Hinchman & Son, of Philadelphia, failed lately, their liabilities being placed at $100,000.....The total vote for Governor in Connecticut was: 53,785 Democratic; 44,361 Republican; 2,809 Prohibition; and fourteen scattering, leaving a Democratic majority of 6,661. The total vote for Congressmen in the State was: 51,093 Democratic; 47,311 Republican, and 1,909 Prohibition. The Democratic majority in this total vote is 1,867.

The registry of births in Charlestown, Mass., shows that Jesse Pomeroy, the boy murderer, now under sentence of death in Boston, completed his fifteenth year on the twenty-ninth day of November last.....Michael Sullivan was hanged at New Brunswick, N. J., for the murder of Daniel Talmadge, an old man seventy-two years of age. The murderer secured about $270. Sullivan made no confession and died with little evident pain.....The employees of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company's coal mines voted 1,512 to 319 against a strike.....The employees of all but one of the collieries in the Shamokin (Pa) region are on strike.....The town clerk of South Chicago has refused to sign the certificates of the candidates declared elected in the recent municipal elections on the grounds of wholesale corruption and ballot-box stuffing.....A number of houses were blown down and five persons were killed and several others wounded by a tornado near Little Rock, Ark. About the same time a storm struck Texarkana, unroofing the public school building and fatally wounding one child and slightly injuring several others. Rain fell in torrents.....Patrick O'Shea, who stabbed his wife on March 18, 1874, from the effects of which she died five days later, was hanged at St. Louis.

The rush of immigration to Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah and the Pacific coast, this spring, is enormous, and continues without abatement.....Gen. Crook and his soldiers have received the thanks of the Arizona Legislature for their services in subduing the hordes of hostile Indians that held the territory under a reign of terror.....Nine buildings were destroyed by fire at Greenville, Mass., and several persons were badly injured by falling chimneys. The loss is $50,000.....By the rise in the Mississippi river at Minneapolis the steamer Minneapolis was wrecked, two railroad bridges were destroyed, and several sawmills were submerged.....A party of Mexican robbers threatened an attack on Roma, Texas, but the presence of troops caused them to retreat.....The decrease in the supply of coal sent from the Pennsylvania mines so far this year is 910,258 tons.....A farmer named McKinzie, living five miles from Greenville, Ill., was murdered in his bed, and then dragged to the stable and placed under the feet of a pair of mules. His wife and son have been arrested on suspicion of having committed the deed.....A new disease has developed itself among orses near Albany, New York. The horses breast and forelegs are covered with lumps, which must be painful, as the animal exhibits signs of sickness and severe suffering.....President Grant and his Cabinet participated in the centennial celebrations in Lexington and Concord, Mass.

The steamers Ocean and Fu-Sing collided at Shanghai, and the latter sank immediately, causing great loss of life.....In answer to a question as to what course the British government would take if the independence of Belgium was threatened in consequence of her rejection of Prussia's demands, Mr. Disraeli said that there has been much exaggeration in this matter, but if Belgian neutrality was threatened England was prepared to do her duty.....An engagement has taken place between government troops and the Carlists near Toloss, the latter being defeated with a loss of one hundred killed.....Much damage has been done by the floods in Australia.....A party of Mexicans, returning from Texas with stolen cattle in their possession, have been arrested at Camargo.....The explosion of a boiler in the gingham mills, in South Adams, Mass., killed three men and fatally injured three others.....Gov. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, has signed the bill to repeal the local option law.....Thaddeus Smith, a North Hadley, Mass., farmer, has failed. His liabilities are $150,000, and his assets $100,000.....Dan Bryant, the noted minstrel, died in such poor circumstances that his theatrical associates had to contribute money for his burial.

A fire in Gloucester, N. J., destroyed property to the value of $150,000.....In the United States District Court of Detroit, Judge Brown sentenced Daniel Pratt, a jeweler, of Jackson, to two years and six months' hard labor in State prison, for sending a postal card through the mails containing writing forbidden by law.....Six companies of cavalry and two of infantry have been ordered to the base of the Black Hills as an escort to Mr. Jenny, government geologist, who will make a survey of the country.....Commander Leroy Fitch, U. S. N., died at his residence in Logansport, Ind., after a lingering illness.....Bolivia is passing through another revolution and disturbances occur daily.....A general law for the formation of agricultural and horticultural societies was passed in the New York State Senate....A young man named Fred. Brandenburgh was found dying from starvation and exhaustion under a pile of lumber in San Francisco. He said before his death that he crawled under the number nine days before. Other lumber had been unwittingly piled around him stopping his egress.....In closing his examination of Henry Ward Beecher, in the Tilton-Beecher case, Mr. Evarts was evidently determined that the jury should have the full benefit of the denials. The questions were those which were asked on the second day of his examination, as to whether Mr. Beecher had ever improperly solicited or obtained any improper favors from Mrs. Tilton, or committed adultery with her. After emphatic denials by Mr. Beecher, Mr. Evarts asked the stenographer to read the question. The reporter began and the whole series was again read to the jury. Then Mr. Evarts, in a more rapid manner than he had previously displayed, closed with a series of questions, the answers to which were denials of adultery at any time, denials of confessions of adultery or criminality, and denials of participation in conversations in which adultery was charged.

The temperance folks are making a great effort to secure a prohibitory law in Canada; and one petition from New Brunswick bore 13,000 signatures.

A Terrible Story.

In the year 1863 over three hundred Sioux Indians who had participated in the Minnesota massacres were condemned to death by a military commission, and of these thirty-eight were afterward hanged, all at the same time, in Mankato. It has always been supposed that this wholesale hanging was done under an order from the President of the United States; but the St. Paul *Dispatch* tells a story which, if true, shows that the execution was irregular and illegal. According to the *Dispatch*, after the capture of the savages Gen. Sibley received from the War department, through the Minnesota delegation in Congress, informal directions to organize a military commission for their trial. The proceedings were summary, and the whole three hundred were condemned to death; but it was finally decided to select for execution only those who had been recognized by witnesses as active leaders in the butcheries which had been committed. A formal application was sent to Washington for the sanction of the President to the infliction of the death penalty on these, and the *Dispatch* says it learns from a citizen of St. Paul who accompanied the Minnesota delegation to the Executive mansion the following particulars:

After the transaction of some minor matters, Senator Ramsey drew from his pocket a telegram from Gen. H. H. Sibley, asking for the Executive order to execute the thirty-eight convicted savages. After a hurried reading of the dispatch, Mr. Lincoln, turning nervously in his seat, and shoving his fingers up through his hair, said: "Oh! oh! this is too bad; this calling upon me to give, in cold blood, my official or formal sanction or edict to the execution of thirty-eight human beings! It seems to me there can be nothing on record, no precedent from any civilized ruler, nothing in the history of the world like it, and I tremble at its contemplation. Mr. Ramsey, why—why didn't Gen. Sibley first do the hanging, and then, if necessary, ask me to approve his action?"

Senator Ramsey, according to the *Dispatch*, merely said: "All right, Mr. Lincoln," and then telegraphed Gen. Sibley to go ahead with the hanging, and thus the greatest execution which ever took place in America was accomplished on the strength of a telegraphic dispatch from a man who had no legal authority whatever to order it. The story seems almost too terrible to be true.

One Hundred Years of Age.

Some twenty-five years ago a noted English professor declared that there were no authentic cases of human beings living to the age of 100 years. All of the famous instances of unusual longevity, like those of Old Parr, who was said to have died at the age of 152, and of Henry Jenkins, who survived to that of 169, rest upon the assertions of the alleged centenarians themselves. The indefatigable Mr. Thoms, in the pursuit of his hobby, took up case after case and investigated it thoroughly, rummaging parish registers, sifting the statements of witnesses, and consulting tombstones, with invariably the same result in each—not proven. He found that the alleged centenarians were usually poor and ignorant persons, about whose time of birth documentary evidence was inconclusive or wanting. The claims to extraordinary age were made when they were old and mentally feeble. And he proceeds to say that "the delusions perhaps honestly entertained by these old people have been nursed by popular credulity, by the love of the marvelous inherent in our natures, and oftentimes by the local pride of neighbors and fellow-townsmen." Most people who have had a grandmother who claimed to be a hundred years old before she died cling to the belief with filial stubbornness. What they know they know. But demand of them the proof in black and white from unimpeachable records, and they cannot give it. Mr. A. H. Bailey and Mr. Archibald Day, the well-known English actuaries, found by an examination of the mortality of the aristocracy that the average mean duration in that class was "materially greater" than in the general population. "And yet," to quote Mr. Thoms again, "in the face of this startling fact, I believe that no authenticated case of centenarianism has ever occurred in any noble family." To be 100 years old a man would have been born before the declaration of independence and the birth of the United States.

National Tree Culture.

A bit of gossip is going the rounds of the press telling how a certain good citizen recently cut down an immense oak tree on his premises, because its gigantic size and wonderful beauty drew so many visitors. The tree had passed its second century of life and deserved a better fate. Its fall brought forcibly to mind the saying of an ancient lover of the forest, that the man who would wantonly kill a shade tree would slay one of his fellow creatures. It would be sad to believe this, however, for the waste of forest trees in our land has been indiscriminate and universal. So far has it gone that in some parts of New England and the Middle States large manufactories are kept in enforced idleness during part of the winter months by reason of drought, and the character of the soil in other sections has undergone a change for the worse. It would not be a bad idea if the North should follow the example of the West in availing itself of the provision made by national legislation for the encouragement of tree planting. In Minnesota, since the act in question was passed, fifteen million trees have been planted in about seven thousand acres. In addition the number planted on private places, and not embraced in the assessor's returns and on the railroad lines, will bring the total for the State up to twenty millions. This is just so much solid wealth added to the coffers of the State, and the trouble has been comparatively trifling. In the great decrease of forest trees, the item of a national system of tree culture is big with the promise of future riches.

Paying Them Damages.

A widower at Marseilles, whose wife was killed in a Communist riot there, has just recovered 18,000 francs from the city for failing to do its duty and maintain public order. Near Strasburg, not long ago, a man employed to watch the gates of a railway having been killed by a train which had been suffered to leave the station with its lanterns unlit, his widow has just been awarded an annuity of 300 francs a year for life against the Imperial Direction of the State railways. She had applied at first respectfully for relief to the Direction, which received her as she would have been received by an average railway board in America; began by contesting her claim and charging her husband with drunkenness, and finally made her a generous offer of fifteen thalers, less than $10.50, in full payment for the defunct! She carried her case into the courts, and now, in less than five months, she has won a handsome verdict.

They sold at the public auction in Paris the other day a revolver that has had many owners, and with which five of its owners had committed suicide.

Patent Medicines.

That there are some good patent medicines no intelligent man dare for a moment deny; and pre-eminent is the great California herb medicine, Vinegar Bitters, discovered by Dr. J. Walker, a prominent physician of San Francisco. This medicine, although called bitters, is not to be classed among the vile "fancy drinks" recommended and sold over the bar by rum-venders, but is a combination of pure herbalistic extracts, known to possess sterling medicinal qualities, and is compounded without the use in any shape of spirits. Its action upon the internal system is not stimulating to the extent that alcoholic poison is, but at once attacks blood impurities, and by removing the original cause destroys the germs of disease and invites returning health. Its action upon the stomach and liver render it an almost certain specific in the most stubborn cases of dyspepsia, and in truth imparts new life and vigor to the whole system. It is one of the best medicines ever invented.

P. T. Barnum's Latest Wonders---A Colossal Exhibition.

Harper's Weekly devotes nearly two columns to explaining and extolling the great enterprises with which P. T. Barnum is making historical his forty years' career as the most liberal and loving showman in the world. The attractions which Harper Brothers give us from authentic sources are nearly overwhelming. They make an ordinary head dizzy. Mr. Barnum has always boasted that he gave his patrons double their money's worth, and his claims are generally acknowledged; but this time he seems to have far outstripped himself. Last year he obtained from the Connecticut Legislature a charter for "The P. T. Barnum's Universal Exposition Company," with a capital of a million of dollars. Mr. Barnum, who is president of the company, and Mr. Coup, his manager, have spent many months in Europe perfecting their plans. The object of this great company, as they announce, is to elevate amusements, divest them of all objectionable features, and thus render them worthy the patronage of the most moral and refined classes. They say that eventually they will have a score or more of exhibitions (traveling and permanent) in America and Europe, and they intend that their chartered title shall be a guarantee of the merits of whatever they bring before the public. The present season they have but two exhibitions. One is Mr. Barnum's well-known "Museum, Menagerie, Circus and Traveling World's Fair," the other is simply called "The Great Roman Hippodrome." Mr. Barnum seems to have devoted years to perfecting this great enterprise, and nearly every year of his personal attention was paid to it in Europe. At an expense of several hundred thousand dollars he erected a great hippodrome building in the heart of New York city, and under an outlay of over five thousand dollars each day he has run his establishment in New York for nearly a year. This exposition company are engaged to ship the entire Hippodrome to Europe next autumn; meanwhile they have undertaken the difficult task of transporting it entire to the principal cities in America. *Harper's Weekly* says:

"The Great Roman Hippodrome will resemble a moving camp. There are 1,200 men, women and children in Mr. Barnum's service, and the stock includes 750 horses and ponies, besides elephants, camels, English stag and stag-hounds, trained ostriches, lions, bears, tigers and other animals. For the exhibition of the menagerie and the various shows, displays and performances connected with the enterprises, two enormous tents, each 500 feet in length and 300 in width, have been provided, one of which will be kept in advance, in order that no time may be lost by delaying in making ready. The question of transportation by rail—a very serious one—was solved by the construction of 150 cars, twice the usual length, built expressly for this purpose. Among them are a number of "horse-palace" cars, constructed with commodious stalls, in which the horses can lie down and rest while on the journey and arrive at the place of exhibition quite fresh for the performance. Besides moving the tents, animals and all other material in these Hippodrome cars, berths will be provided for those devoted to the *personnel* of the company for nearly all the employees. Besides the great exhibition tents, and stable tents for the horses and other animals, there is also attached to the company a large corps of blacksmiths and carpenters and builders, some of whom precede the show several days, to make ready for the exhibition by preparing the ground, erecting seats, etc. The dressing-room tents alone will cover more ground than any circus in America.

"To move such an enormous establishment, without hitch or delay, requires the employment of clear headed, practical men at the head of each department. Everything is so arranged as to move with the smoothness and precision of clock-work. At the appointed hour the caravan will go up, the street procession will move, the performance will commence. When all is over, and the great tent is emptied, everything will be packed up by the time detailed for the work, and the caravan, without the loss of a minute, will be on the move toward the next place of exhibition.

"The programme of performance will be varied and attractive. Donaldson will make daily balloon ascensions with a car large enough to contain a company of five or six persons, at a cost of about $500 a day for this feature alone. Then there will be the "Roman chariot races," in which chariots driven by "liberty races," in which forty wild horses are turned loose in the arena in exact imitation of the famous carnival races of Rome and Naples; "standing races," in which the riders stand on bareback horses; hurdle races by Indians, races by English, French, and American jockeys; besides camel, elephant, ostrich, and monkey races. Another feature will be the exhibition of Indian life on the plains, in which the actors will be scores of Indians with their squaws and pappooses. They will put up a genuine Indian encampment, hunt real buffaloes, give war dances, pony races, foot races against horses, exhibitions of daring horsemanship, lasso-throwing, lassoing of Mexican riders, mounted on famous mustangs, will make a pretended attack on the Indian camp and give a mimic but faithful representation of the wild scenes enacted on the Western frontier. The English stag hunt will be an attack picture of the sport itself, with a company of 150 men and women in full hunting costume, and a large pack of English stag hounds. There will also be many other interesting and attractive features, the mere mention of which would make a small volume.

"Mr. Barnum certainly deserves great credit for an enterprise which is calculated to afford a vast amount of innocent, popular amusement; and although this gigantic venture involves a enormous outlay of money, it will at present too many attractions not to be generally sustained."

Amazing as this exhibition seems from the description given by *Harper's*, we can say, from actual observation, that one day it will be introduced into the traveling Roman Hippodrome more interesting and instructive than any other. It is the great procession known as "The Congress of Monarchs." The *Harper's* article, describing this procession, says that they supposed Mr. Barnum would not dare to incur the expense of transporting such an enormous affair through the country. But he will do so, and here is a brief description of his dazzling and bewildering exhibition, as given by a New York cotemporary:

"Of all the gorgeous pageants the world ever saw the 'Congress of Nations' is the greatest, and how the surpassing genius of even Barnum could produce it is a wonder. The costumes are true to life, and many of them are genuine, having been procured direct from the nationalities which they represent. The individuals employed to personate the historical characters have the most faithful resemblance to the originals in face and physique. Each nation finds its special portraiture in some kind of triumphal car, brilliantly bedecked with appropriate flags, emblems, colors and intricate devices, and all sorts of characteristics in the way of peculiar uniforms, animals, soldiery, attendants and music. Scores of glistening gilded chariots illumine the arena with a halo of luster, as it were, and the display of royal splendor is far more imposing and impressive than words can describe, thrilling the auditor with unspeakable amazement and admiration.

"As the name of the grand Congress implies, it is a stupendous gathering of the Monarchs of the universe, bringing in vivid view the living Kings, Queens, Rulers, and Potentates of the past nine centuries, culminating in an affecting *finale* so touching that it must awaken the emotions of a stoic. Her majesty, the Queen of England, heads the glittering column, surrounded by royal guards, and followed by a long ancestral line, the notability and richly uniformed life guardsmen. Then France in the person of Napoleon the First and his famous field marshals; Ireland, Rome, Russia, Germany, Italy, Turkey, India, Japan, China, and so on, until all the Monarchs and Courts of the entire world pass in review, winding up like a jewel besprinkled coil around the continuous circle. To look upon this beautiful historical procession in all its grandness and greatness is equivalent to sitting in full view